

HEAD OF ZEUS — (Vatican, Rome)

GREEK MYTHS AND THEIR ART

THE GREEK MYTHS AS AN
INSPIRATION IN ART AND
IN LITERATURE √ √ √ A
SUPPLEMENTARY READER
PREPARED FOR USE IN THE
FOURTH, FIFTH AND SIXTH
GRADES OF SCHOOL √ √

BY

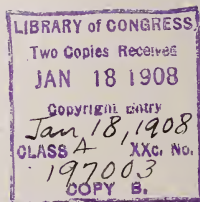
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Preface

KODAKS are now so ingeniously made, that, by means of a thread properly attached to a spring in the instrument, an animal in passing may unconsciously take its own picture. In a like unconscious way, the nations of the earth in their myths have drawn their moral and intellectual photographs. Every historic nation has asked some time in its early history, how this world came to be, whence the gods and what their purpose and power in the world, what the origin of man, what the rules that should govern his conduct, what his relation to the gods, what the rewards and punishments that he shall receive in this world and in the next. These inquiries have been most sincere and absorbing, and their answers make up the myths of a nation. In these myths each people has exhibited its power of thought, its moral code, and its conception of beauty in form and in color, as well as in conduct. It has, all unconsciously, drawn a picture of its inner and most essential life. Like true biography, myths reveal motives and ideals and permit us to see what comes from them. They are not, as some people seem to suppose, merely pretty little stories formed by the wild fancies of an

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untutored people. They involve some of the profoundest problems of human life. They require, therefore, the most careful study and thoughtful interpretation.

Among no other people of the world have myths possessed such depth and subtlety of meaning, or reached such beauty, as in Greece. To compare Greek myths with the myths of any other nation is like comparing the web woven by Arachne with the divine glory and greatness of the fabric which Athene wove upon an Olympian loom. Many nations have never gone beyond the grotesque and the fantastic in their myths. Others, though they have gained a rugged strength, lack form and completeness. The Greeks, on the contrary, possessed a power of independent thought, a spirit of inquiry and a genius for beauty that enabled them to create a vast body of myths, generally strong in ethics, always suffused with beauty, and occasionally lighted by a spiritual glow not dimmed by comparison with the newer thought of the twentieth Christian century.

Unlike Athene, myths do not spring into being full grown, but, like Zeus, they have a period of infancy and of growth before reaching maturity. Like Zeus, too, they are fed by the divine influences about them, the milk and honey of a just and beautiful world. They pass through a period of rough savagery, and later, one of irrationality incident to a partially civilized people, before reaching their

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highest and most enlightened form. It is but natural, then, that myths as we now find them should have fragments from a savage or an irrational time clinging to them. This accounts for many of the harsh and cruel things done by gods and goddesses. Such acts represent, not the moral ideals of the refined Greek, but the ideals of a people on the way toward refinement. These relics of bygone savagery are still kept as parts of the myths to which they adhere by the respect accorded to age, especially in regard to those things looked upon as sacred.

Since myths are the embodied answers to some great world questions already indicated, it would certainly be altogether irrational to interpret them narrowly or literally. It is safe to anticipate a broad figurative meaning, and it is in this spirit that the myths have been told in this book, with the hope of making them clear enough to carry their own interpretation.

Another feature in interpretation should be mentioned. A desire to give a divine origin to some of their lesser gods and goddesses, as well as to their heroes, led the Greeks to invent tales by which to establish for such deities or heroes the fatherhood of Zeus, Apollo, Poseidon or some other of the great ones of Olympus. This occurs so frequently that it can not be ignored or eliminated without doing great violence to many of the myths. Taken literally, such conduct would seem to sanction

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domestic infidelity and social impurity, and this is not consistent with refined Greek thought. It was the early Greeks who invented the myths, and gave the attribute of universal fatherhood to certain of the gods in order to add a larger touch of divinity to the heroes and thus insure for them a greater reverence. Later, the Greeks adopted this interpretation and we will do well to follow their example.

Mythology is not science, and we cannot expect that the mass of knowledge comprehended in myths will take on that logical and orderly arrangement which we demand of scientific truth, yet there is in many cases a necessary sequence, and in almost all cases a natural grouping that greatly aids in understanding and interpreting them. Studied in this way, each successive myth of a group is more easily understood because of the study of those which have preceded it, and it will in turn throw light on those of the same group that follow. So, too, the study of one group of myths will add to the interest in the next and lessen the effort required to understand it. The effect of this cumulative study of any subject has immeasurably more interest and educative value than the study of unrelated bits at odd times. To make such a method of study possible to children is one of the aims of this book.

Among the various kinds of reading matter now offered to children none creates more lively or

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lasting interest than that pertaining to Greek myths. Years of experience in the use of this material in the elementary classes confirm this statement. The meaning does not go over their heads. They enter into them and freely challenge the right and the wrong of what is done, and they make ready application to present-day affairs of the principles involved in the myth. The beauty and delicacy shown by the myths delight them, and nothing can be offered that will furnish better training for the imagination, — a faculty quite as necessary to the business man as to the poet. The golden age of childhood seems peculiarly the time to gain something like an organized knowledge of this subject. If neglected then, no amount of after effort in the use of the classical dictionary or other reference books will quite make good the loss.

Greek myths have a content that quite justifies their use as reading matter for children, even if there were no other reason for their sanction; but other very potent reasons force themselves upon us whether we will or no. The writers of the best literature have used and are still using these myths to illustrate and illuminate their thought, so that one can not read good literature intelligently without a knowledge of the myths when thus used. Beside this, art is filled with creation inspired by these myths. All the best painting and sculpture of the Greeks themselves looked to their myths for

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inspiration, and in modern art also are to be found works of the highest excellence from the same motives, so that any adequate appreciation of such subjects is quite impossible without a knowledge of Greek myths. The pictures in this book are not offered as mere decorations, but, with the interpretive and biographical matter accompanying them, it is hoped that they may greatly aid in generous and intelligent understanding of the subjects illustrated.

In all appreciative reading, either by adults or children, the right point of view is always important. If possible, the point of view should be gained before the matter is read. With children in school, this is not only practical but is absolutely demanded. To help children to gain it is the special function of the teacher. The words used may be fairly familiar, and yet one may not be able to understand the printed page. One must be so in sympathy with the situation and the spirit of the thought that is to be read, that he can not only perceive it intellectually, but feel it emotionally. No thought has become one's own, and consequently no thought can be fully appreciated until both these conditions have been realized.

Modern scholars first came to a knowledge of Greek myths through Latin writers who used the Latin names for the gods, goddesses and heroes. The incongruity of using Latin names for Greek subjects has quite largely been permitted to

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continue. In this book it is intended to use only Greek names, but to avoid confusion when the children read these myths from other sources, the Greek names, with the Roman correlatives in parenthesis, are given in the index. Their pronunciation is also indicated. No teacher need fear that the difficulty of these names will be any serious obstacle to the study of the myths.

Experience has shown also that the geography connected with the myths may become a positive aid, both in fixing the narrative and in increasing the interest of the children. A place should never be named without locating it and having the children know its comparative distance and direction. In this book a double-page map is provided, which, it is believed, will enable the children to do this work adequately.

The most sincere thanks are due to those earnest and loyal assistant teachers without whose aid this little book would never have been published. It is offered to the public with the hope that it may fall into the hands of other equally intelligent and earnest teachers whose lips may have been touched by waters that flow from the sweet fountain in Aphrodite's garden.

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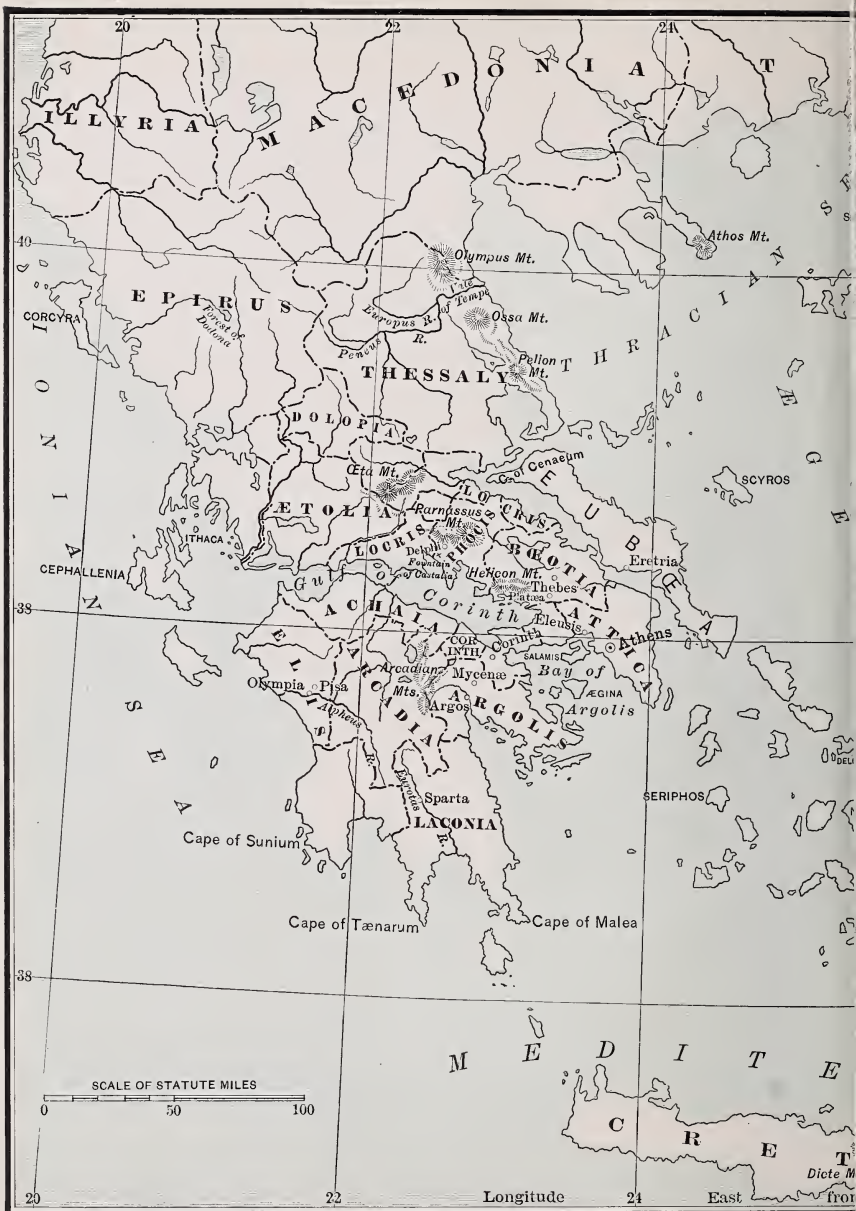
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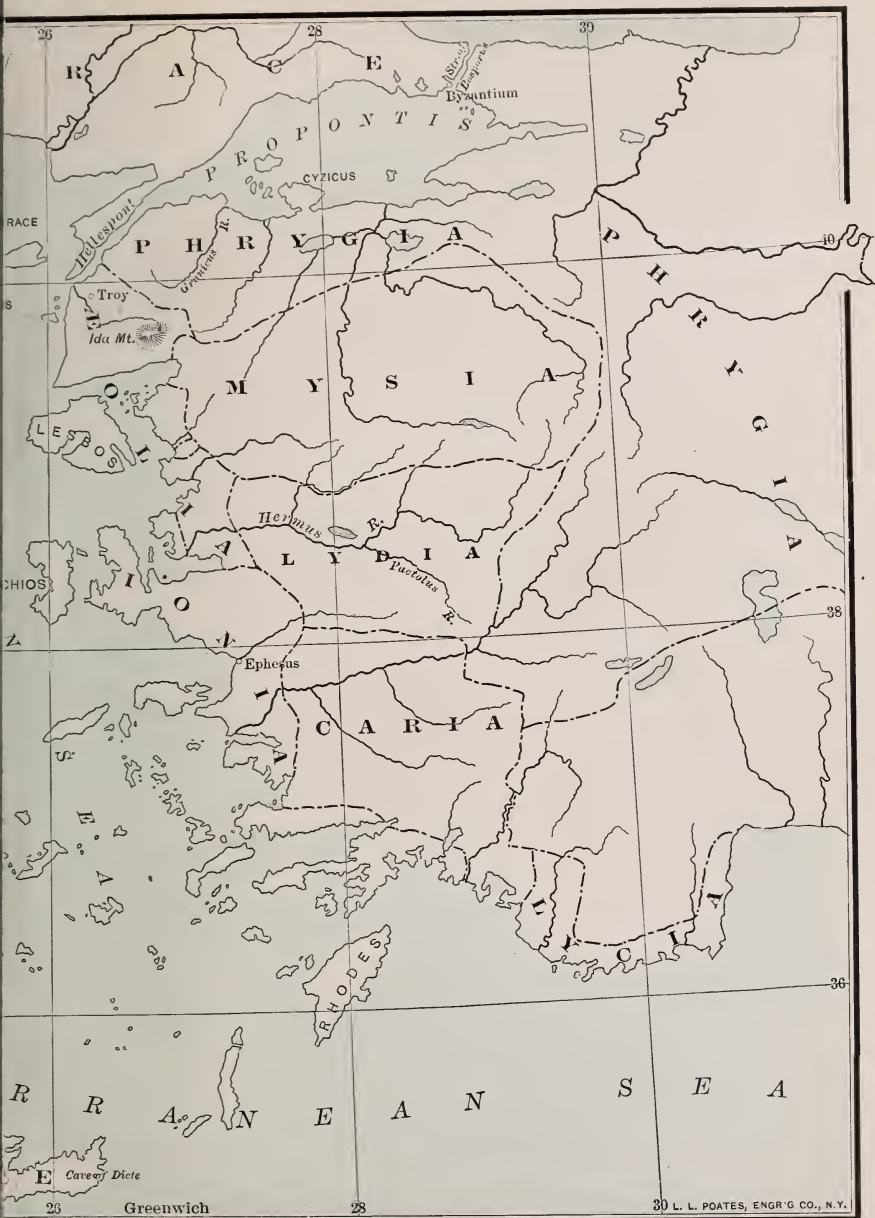
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MAP OF A



Introduction

THE world has always knelt in happy worship before the good story-teller. When, with a far-away look in his eye, he has said, "Once upon a time," everybody has been pleased to listen; and it would be very hard to say which is happier, the one who tells the story or those who listen. Age makes little difference. The grandfather with gentle eyes and snowy locks, the busy mother, the eager and impetuous children are charmed alike.

Every good story is a bit of real life and is really true; not, perhaps, just as the words are spoken, but as they are meant. Hence, it is sometimes as hard to understand a story rightly as to tell it happily. As the sweetest music ever played or sung would be lost if it were heard only by dull or silly people, so the most interesting story fails in its purpose unless it is told to those who can understand its meaning.

Of all the different peoples of the earth, the Greeks have given us the greatest number of stories worth the telling. This seems even the more remarkable when we remember that many of these stories were told three thousand years ago, when the people were not so wise in some things as they now are. It is a long time since Columbus

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discovered the great western world, but it is nearly eight times as many years from Columbus back to the time when the Greek fathers and mothers were telling these tales to their children. If one's grandfather is seventy-five years old to-day, these years would need to be multiplied by forty to reach the time when most of the Greek myths and hero-tales were first told.

But the Greeks were not so wise in everything as they were in the things so beautifully told in their myths. Children of to-day may quite properly smile at geography as taught by the old Greek schoolmasters. Yet, however incorrect it may have been, one needs to know it in order to understand many things in their myths and in the stories of their heroes.

They thought the world was flat and shaped like a circle with their own country in the middle, the very center being at their great temple of Delphi, where they went to talk with their gods. "The Sea" (the Mediterranean and Black Seas) divided the earth into a northern and a southern half; and around all ran the Ocean River, moving in the direction that the hands of a clock move. This great Ocean River fed the Sea and all the rivers of the earth and was never disturbed by storms.

On the northern edge of the earth were very high mountains with vast caverns from which were sent the fierce, cold blasts of winter. Still further

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north was a peaceful, sunny land which no man could reach. Here, free from pain and sickness, lived a happy people called the Hyperboreans, who were never forced to work and never grew old.

On the south side of the earth lived another happy people, the Æthiopians, so loved by the gods



The World as understood by the Ancient Greeks

From a sketch by a third-grade pupil.

that the latter became their guests and joined with them in songs and banquets.

On the eastern side were many people with whom the Greeks traded, and against whom they sometimes fought.

On the western margin were the Elysian Fields, or Isles of the Blessed, where the balmy air was

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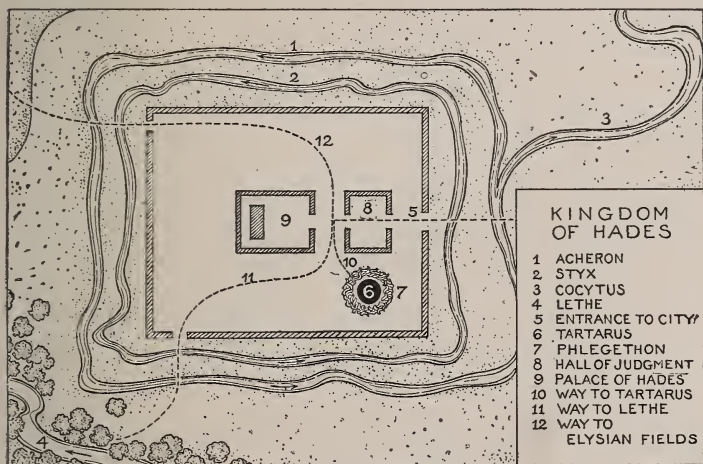
filled with sweet odors, and the pure water of the streams reflected the blue of an unclouded sky. There, flowery plains, laced by silvery, singing streams, shaded by groves, and made delightful by the music of birds, everywhere filled and satisfied the view. Added to these were gardens of sweet flowers and mellow fruits. No scorching heats or wintry chills ever visited the Isles of the Blessed, where fear nor hate, pain nor tears were ever known. There lived the worthy ones who had passed from earth; the unselfish, the pure in heart, the noble, and such heroes as had not been especially favored and taken directly to Olympus to live with the gods.

But the parts below the surface of the earth were just as real to the Greeks as the things visible upon the surface, and were frequently the scenes of their tales and myths. In the lower region was the kingdom of Hades, or Hell, to which all the dead went, but where no living person was permitted to dwell. The entrance to this kingdom was through a great cavern, by some said to be in southern Greece, near the promontory of Tænarus, but by others placed in southern Italy near the poisonous lake Avernus, not far from Mount Vesuvius.

In this region was a great city, guarded by a wall that none could climb, and entered through a great gateway ever watched by the sleepless dog, Cerberus. Outside the city were two rivers: the Styx, by which the gods took their oaths, and the Acheron,

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the river of sighing and of tears. The souls of the dead could cross these rivers only in the frail boat of the ferryman, Charon, and he would take none who could not pay him his fee and none whose body had not been honored by proper burial. For this reason, the Greeks were very careful to



From a sketch by a third-grade pupil.

bury their dead, and to place a small coin under the tongue of each. If this were not done, the soul must wait and wander for a hundred years before being taken over those two rivers. A third river, Cocytus, flowed from the Styx, and its waters gave out sounds of weeping and groaning, most dismal to hear.

In the midst of the city stood the great palace of Hades, its king. This palace was built of the

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hardest stone, beautifully polished, and was lighted within by great gems and brilliant diamonds. At one end of the grand hall of this palace stood a yellow throne, resplendent with the luster of the rock and the fineness of its polish. Another great building of the city was the Hall of Judgment, where each soul must speak fully and truly of its life on earth and be judged accordingly.

Just beyond the Hall of Judgment, the roadway divided into three branches, one of which led to the great brass prison called Tartarus, so strong that it could not be broken and so deep that it seemed bottomless. This way must be taken by those who had lived unworthily. From this pit, or prison, could be heard the rattle of the chains that bound the wicked, and the fearful cries uttered by them in their misery. Escape from Tartarus was made impossible by a river of fire, called Phlegethon, which sent up a wall of flame as it slowly flowed around the pit.

The second way led out of the city into trackless plains and dark forests, through which wound the sluggish river of Forgetfulness, called Lethe. Those who took this way had done little that was worthy of praise in life, either because they were not naturally thoughtful and kind, or because they had never been taught the value of kindness. They were permitted to bathe in Lethe and wash away the memory of their former selfishness and folly,

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forget the pains and wrongs of the past, and to resume an earthly life with brighter hope and larger promise of success.

The third was a shining way which led to the Isles of the Blessed and was taken by all who had lived noble lives and kept their hearts pure.

Above the earth were the blue sky, the pure air, and the bright sunshine. Far beyond the sky these Greek people believed was yet a clearer blue, where the air was softer and the sunshine more kindly and full of life. There, peace and beauty and great joy were always present, and there lived the gods on Mount Olympus. Each of the greater gods lived in a beautiful palace of his own, situated within his particular kingdom, but all obeyed the dread and powerful Zeus, and at his command met in the great hall of his palace. The highway along which they travelled could be easily traced by the many lights which they and their attendants carried, and is now known as the Milky Way.

Thus did the Greeks divide the world. These divisions may not agree with the geographies of today, but many things about their myths are beautifully true, and are as well suited to our own thought as they were to the thought of the Greeks. If we are to understand the myths and hero-tales of this wonderful people, these things must be remembered.

Greek stories may be divided into two classes. One class tells of the gods and goddesses, what

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part they took in the management of their domestic affairs, how they sometimes concerned themselves with human interests, and of their doings and adventures on the earth as well as in their own realm where no mortal was permitted to enter. Such stories are called myths. The other class deals with real or legendary heroes, those who have done great deeds, and of whose lives we have heard in story and in song. Though many stories of famous old Greeks represent the gods as taking a prominent part in directing affairs, it is the real hero who interests us most, notwithstanding the occasional intervention of their gods.

Judged by present day standards these heroes did not always do the wisest or most noble thing. Sometimes they acted very cruelly, yet they did so many good deeds, and left behind them so many happy people, that we of the present day can read about them and think about them with profit and pleasure. Neither need we be shocked if their gods do not always act as we would have them act. They were, as the gods of other people ever are, very human, and it is quite remarkable that their acts seldom fall to a low or unworthy level.

Greek Myths and their Art

I

THE CREATION

THE Greeks thought that the world had not always been as they found it, full of music and beauty, which, when put to good uses, helps human beings to live pure and gentle lives. They thought that once there was no earth, no sea, no sky, no light; that everything was spread through the world like the blackest and thickest fog and so remained until some power strong enough and kind enough should appear and change it for the better. This power finally came to the center of the black world and was called Love.

Love sent its strength through the darkness like arrows of light, and gradually there came the dry land and the waters, the blue sky, the soft air, the sun, the moon and the stars. Life appeared. Plants on the land and in the water grew and multiplied, bringing the flowers with their wondrous colors and sweet odors. On the land and in the water were countless animals; birds flew in and out among the trees, giving to the world the beauty of

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their plumage and the charm of their song, but no human beings yet appeared.

Over all reigned the great god Uranus and his queen, Gæa. Whence and how they came no one knows, and how long they ruled the world we can only guess. They were succeeded by their son Kronos and his queen Rhea; but trouble came to these rulers, and finally war, of which we shall learn in the story of Zeus.



II

ZEUS

ALTHOUGH queen of the world, Rhea had sorrow, and not without cause. Two sons and three daughters had come to her and might have brought her joy, but each was early taken from her and she could learn nothing of them. She feared they were dead and yet she knew that children of a god and goddess should live forever. What made it still worse was that Rhea believed it was their father, Kronos, who had either concealed or destroyed them.

So, when the baby Zeus was born, she determined to hide him with the greatest care. After long and careful search she found a cave on the island of Crete which seemed just what she wished. Trees, shrubs and vines concealed its entrance, and inside were large, high rooms, which she caused to be lighted by sparkling gems. She arranged for him a dainty bed and formed cosy nooks, cushioned with the softest moss. It is said, too, that some unknown power very secretly sent Amalthea, a goat, each day to furnish fresh milk for this wonderful baby.

As time went on the baby grew rapidly. As soon as he was old enough to understand, his mother told him of the loss of his brothers and sisters, and

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together they planned how it would be possible to find them if they were alive, and how Kronos might be prevented from causing further sorrow.

When Kronos learned what they were doing he was angry, and said Zeus should be punished; but that was not easily done, for Zeus had become strong and wise, and found powerful helpers. He went to the Cyclops, a race of one-eyed giants that lived under the earth. They were very cunning workmen, and forged thunderbolts for him. He went also to the Titans, who were almost as powerful as the gods, and succeeded in gaining the help of Prometheus. When Epimetheus, the brother of Prometheus, learned that he was to aid Zeus, he readily consented to join him. Atlas, another brother, refused his aid and fought for Kronos. Best of all, Zeus discovered his brothers and sisters, and found that they were ready to help him.

Then came fearful wars between Kronos and Zeus. The lightnings, or thunderbolts, were Zeus's most terrible weapons. He was carried with the speed of thought from place to place on the back of a very powerful eagle, or drawn in a golden chariot by a pair of eagles, while he hurled his bolts at his enemies. Some tell us that the warfare lasted for ten years, but however long it continued, Kronos was finally defeated and Zeus became the mighty king of the world. Then he punished some of his enemies by placing them in the lowest dungeons

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of Tartarus. From Kronos was taken the power of ruling the world, although he was not put into prison; and Atlas was made to hold the sky on his shoulders as his punishment.

Of course, Zeus did not forget his friends. He asked Hera to be his queen, and it must have been a proud day for this haughty daughter of Rhea, when the merry bells were rung on Olympus to announce the happy marriage. We do not know just what the bride wore on this very interesting occasion, nor what music was played, nor who were the musicians, but it is quite certain that the nectar and ambrosia used at the marriage feast were of the best, and that her wedding presents were very valuable. The most valued of all were some very remarkable apples. Those who ate them never suffered from hunger afterward, and forever retained the strength, freshness, and beauty of their youth. These apples, with other wonderful fruit, grew in one of the gardens of the Elysian Fields and they were cared for by three beautiful maidens called the Hesperides.

To Hestia, a sister of Zeus, was given the care of all that makes the home happy and sweet, and no good Greek ever asked help of, or gave thanks to, any god or goddess without first offering some choice tribute to Hestia.

Another sister, Demeter, cared for all the fruits and the grains, and must have been a very busy and useful person indeed.

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His brother, Poseidon, who was next in power to Zeus himself, was given rule over the great waters of the earth. He went from place to place in a boat made from a beautiful great sea-shell drawn by very swift, fish-like horses. His chief weapon was a three-pointed spear, called a trident. If all things in Poseidon's kingdom moved along pleasantly he was happy, and the waters of the sea slept calmly, but when anything went contrary to his wishes, Poseidon was angry, and the waters rolled and tossed their foam and lashed the shore with great violence.

His other brother, Hades, was given the control of the kingdom of the dead.

Prometheus and Epimetheus, the Titans, although not so powerful as the gods, were rewarded for their help to Zeus by being permitted to live with the gods on Olympus, to partake of nectar and ambrosia, and to eat of the apples of the Hesperides and remain forever young.

THE WONDERFUL STATUE OF ZEUS

By Pheidias, the Great Sculptor

About four hundred and fifty years before the birth of Christ, Athens had become the richest and most important city among all the states of Greece. There lived at that time one of her citizens so honest, so broadminded, and so wise that the people



OLYMPIAN ZEUS — *Pheidias*
Drawing by *Flaxman*

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gladly gave him control of their city, and so successfully did he manage affairs that he remained in power as long as he lived. That man was Pericles.

He did many things for the good of Athens, but the most important was to use a part of its wealth to make the city beautiful. On the Acropolis, a rocky hill, once the home of the founders of the city, had been built some temples, but they were now old and were never beautiful. These were torn down and the best architects were employed to plan new temples as beautiful as they were able to imagine. But buildings might be constructed of the finest material and be satisfactory in form and yet lack the touch of real beauty in finish. To secure this finish, Pericles sought the greatest sculptor the world had to offer and found him in Pheidias.

This sculptor was given charge of all the decorations to be placed on the buildings planned for the Acropolis. He obtained helpers and did his work so well, that since that day nothing in art can compare with it in beauty.

The greatest of these temples was the Parthenon, the temple of Athene, described on page 46. The carvings on this temple comprised thousands of different figures, yet each is done with as much care as if it were to be studied for itself alone. Even those parts which could not be seen from the level of the base of the temple were just as carefully

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done as those which could be seen by all observers. The marble slabs on which were carved the decorations of the Parthenon, if they were arranged in a straight line, would reach a distance of several city blocks. The figures of the Panathenaic procession carved on the frieze of the cella of this temple would reach the distance of one and one half city blocks, yet, if but one of these marble slabs were placed in a museum today it would command greater interest among art-loving people than would any other ancient relic now known.

But the fame of such work did not remain in Athens alone. One of the cities that heard of it was Olympia, in Elis, and later, Pheidias was induced to go there and make a statue of Zeus.

The materials used for this were ivory and gold. The god was represented sitting on his throne which was inlaid with ebony and ivory, decorated with beautiful, painted figures, exquisite carvings and set with precious stones. On the head of Zeus was an olive wreath, in his right hand a gold and ivory statue of the Winged Victory, while in his left was the scepter with the eagle resting at the top. His feet were incased in sandals of gold, his beard, hair and robe were made of the same material, while from the face shone a kindly strength that could command obedience from the most powerful of his subjects. The statue was sixty feet in height and no worshipper was permitted to see

ZEUS

it except through a purple veil which hung in front of it. No wonder that this statue, with its great size, the flesh-colored tints of its ivory, the sparkle of its many gems, the dazzling glory of its gold should make many thoughtful Greeks feel that they were looking upon the very god himself clothed in a mantle of his own lightning.

When Pheidias had finished this statue and had been permitted to carve his own name on its base, it is said that he prayed the god to send him some sign of his approval, and immediately from a clear sky came a bolt of lightning which passed through an opening in the roof of the temple and struck the ground by the side of the artist. Though we may not believe this story literally true, we are quite ready to admit that all beauty-loving people since the days of Pheidias have placed the stamp of their approval on not only this particular statue, but upon all the work of this artist.

Small-minded artists of his own city grew jealous of his fame and falsely accused him of dishonoring the gods, and it is the shame of Athens, whose glory he was, that he was put into prison and there died of a broken heart while awaiting his trial.

All this has been said that we may the better understand why anything connected with Pheidias, even remotely, is so carefully cherished. Although we have descriptions of many of his statues, nearly all the work coming directly from his hands has

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perished. We have several pieces of statuary that are believed to be modeled after this artist's own works. One of the most perfect of these is the head of Zeus, now in the Vatican gallery at Rome. It was found in the little town of Otricoli, near Rome, in 1775. It more nearly resembles the head of the great statue at Olympia than anything else we have. It has the calm, commanding strength that compels obedience and makes even the picture of it worth careful study. (*See frontispiece.*)

HEAD OF HERA

Pheidias had many pupils who did work which was an honor both to themselves and their teacher, but the one who has been especially honored above his fellows was Alcamenes. One of his best statues was of Queen Hera which was placed in a temple of that goddess in Athens. The head here pictured is so like the description of the head of that statue that it may be a Greek copy of it.

The queen is crowned by a diadem and the face shows a strength which might make her enemies tremble with fear. Yet below that flowing hair is a gracious face which we can easily believe belongs to one who would care for all true women and sympathize with them in their sorrow.



HEAD OF HERA — (Villa Ludovisi, Rome)

ZEUS

THE PICTURE OF AMALTHEA

By Nicolas Poussin (1594-1665)

We have already learned in this chapter of the troubles of Queen Rhea and how she was compelled to hide baby Zeus in a cave on the island of Crete. We have heard also about Amalthea, the goat that furnished Zeus with milk. When Amalthea died one of her horns was used by Demeter in which to place valuable gifts for her especial friends. We call it the "horn of plenty." When Zeus became the ruler of the world he remembered this heaven-sent goat and put Amalthea in the heavens in a place now marked by a group of stars which we call Capricornus, or the goat stars.

It is no wonder that artists have been interested in the story of Amalthea and have shown it in their paintings or their statues. One of these painters was Nicolas Poussin, whose life is an interesting one to study.

Three hundred years ago, when the first English settlement in this country was made at Jamestown, Va., the young lad Nicolas was in school in a little French town where his parents supposed that he was learning Latin, but where he was really drawing pictures on his books, the walls of the school-room and anything else that would serve his purpose. His family belonged to the nobility and had been rich but had lost their property and it was

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very hard to get the money to send Nicolas to school at all.

By a happy accident some of the lad's sketches fell into the hands of an artist who at once said that the boy should study art. The parents consented and he studied for a time with a local painter until some friend furnished him the money that enabled him to study in Paris. There he saw some engravings of paintings made by Raphael, Michelangelo and other great Italian painters, and these filled him with a desire to go to Italy to study its art at first hand, but lack of money forced him to wait some time before his wishes were realized.

After his arrival there he found many paintings and statues picturing the Greek myths and he was greatly pleased with them. He read every thing he could find on these myths as well as much Greek and Roman history. He lived in these stories so much that he knew their people better than he knew the people around him. He made nearly one hundred pictures to illustrate these myths.

After years of this delightful work, at the request of the French King Louis XIII, he returned to Paris where he was greatly honored by everybody except a few French artists who were jealous of him. This jealousy made Poussin very unhappy, and after three years, he obtained permission of the king to return to Italy to visit his wife. He never again went back to his native land.



ZEUS NURSED BY THE GOAT, AMALTHEA — *Nicolas Poussin*

ZEUS

He left many famous pictures, but he seems to be better known by his paintings from the Greek myths.

THE PICTURE OF ZEUS AND HIS CAR

By Raphael Sanzio

Our picture shows the great god Zeus in his chariot speeding through the sky above the clouds. His chariot is drawn by a pair of eagles which he guides by reins held in his left hand while in his right hand he holds the thunderbolts with which he brings swift punishment to evil-doers.

The picture was painted by Raphael, one of the greatest painters the world has ever known. He was born on Good Friday, April 6, 1483, in the little town of Urbino, Italy.

From his childhood, Raphael was fair to look at and sweet to live with. His favorite playhouse was the studio of his father who was an artist, and his choicest playthings were pencils and brushes. When not yet eight years old, this wonderful boy met, in the death of his sweet mother, the saddest loss that can come to any child. Four years later his father also died.

Raphael was then left to the care of his uncle and his stepmother who were much more concerned about the father's property than about the little lad. At last an agreement was reached

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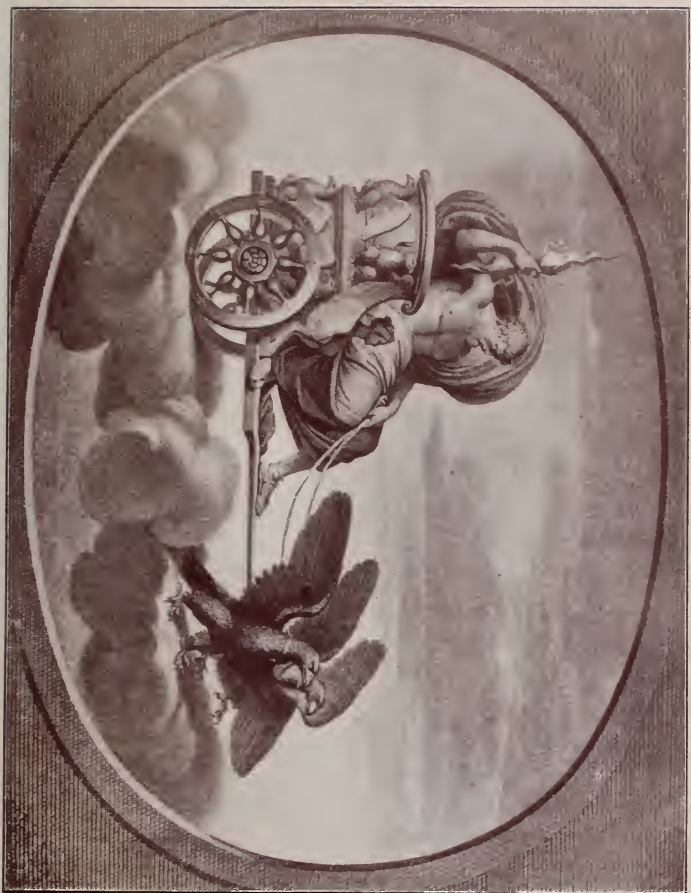
regarding the estate and the uncle placed Raphael under Perugino, a thoughtful man and a noted painter. When Perugino had been shown some of the boy's sketches, he said, "Yes, let him be my pupil; he will soon be my master."

Before Raphael was twenty-five years old he had produced pictures of great value, one having been sold not many years ago for three hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The greatest Madonna ever produced by any artist is the one painted by Raphael as an altar-piece for the church of San Sisto in Piacenza, Italy, and known as the Sistine Madonna.

He was but twenty-five when he was invited to come to Rome, where he produced for the Pope in the Vatican some of his greatest paintings. While at work here Michelangelo was but a little distance from him, painting his great frescoes on the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel.

Raphael did not escape the charm of the Greek art he saw in Rome. He painted some very delicate and beautiful pictures suggested by his study of Greek myths. Among these are his "Triumph of Galatea," and the one pictured here, "Zeus in his Car."

Raphael died on his thirty-seventh birthday, on April 6, and Good Friday, 1520. All Rome mourned for him and honored him by burying him in the great church called the Pantheon.



ZEUS AND HIS CAR—*Raphael*

ZEUS

It is wonderful that in so short a life he could produce nearly three hundred paintings and six hundred drawings, all so excellent, but our wonder at his industry and our admiration for his art, however great, cannot equal our love for the purity and nobility of his life. Before his Sistine Madonna thousands kneel as in worship, but before the manly gentleness and helpfulness of his life all the world may wisely bow in sincere reverence.



III

PROMETHEUS

How many years went by after Zeus became the great king we need not ask. We know that there were as yet no human beings, and Prometheus, the forethinker, planning for the days and years to come, looked down upon the earth from Mount Olympus. He saw the beauty of this world, and heard its music. He knew that the animals there could not appreciate beauty nor understand music. Neither could they talk or laugh with one another, nor reason about anything.

"Surely, the world is not yet complete," thought Prometheus. "There should be a being greater than any yet made that can understand it all and learn how to act wisely. These animals do things today as they did years ago. There should be one who can show a spirit of progress, and who will do things better tomorrow than he does today."

As time went by and none of the gods created such a being, Prometheus decided that he himself would try. He searched in all the clay-banks of the earth until he found the finest material from which to form the new being, but he was not satisfied with even this.

PROMETHEUS

“To understand the things of earth, he must have in his nature something greater and higher than earth,” said Prometheus. “I will take sparks of fire from the altar on Olympus, the home of the gods.” When he had mixed the fire with the fine clay of earth, he shaped man after the image of the gods, gave him life, power of thought and the upright form, that his look might be, as was his thought, upward.

After Prometheus had made man, he watched over him, but unhappily he did not see the improvement he had hoped for. Man lived miserably in trees or caves, was in constant fear of the fierce and powerful animals about him, went nearly naked, shivered in the cold, and ate his food uncooked because he did not know how either to make or to use a fire.

What should Prometheus do? Furnish man with clothing, build houses for him and warm him with fire, cook his food and furnish him with all comforts? Or give him some one thing which he could learn to use and thus work out the things necessary for their improvement? It would make a great difference. The first plan would make human beings helpless, dependent entirely upon some one else, and the other would make them industrious, self-reliant and happy. Prometheus did the wise thing. He decided that if man had fire he could gain by his own efforts whatever else he needed.

GREEK MYTHS AND THEIR ART

There was but one place for Prometheus to get fire, and that was from the sacred altar of Zeus on Olympus. He asked Zeus for the fire, but was told that if men were given fire they would think themselves so strong and wise that they would no longer fear or respect the gods. Prometheus still watched over them and waited, but the suffering of men increased. Finally, becoming impatient by the delay, he decided that it would be right to take the fire without the consent of Zeus.

He obtained it, therefore, and gave it to men, and was filled with joy when he saw how rapidly they improved. But Zeus saw the fires on earth and easily guessed how they came there. He was greatly angered and punished Prometheus by hurling a mountain upon him.

For many years Prometheus lay under the mountain, and perhaps even Zeus may have regretted his hasty action for, at last, wishing to know if Prometheus were dead, he lifted the mountain from him. Prometheus not only was alive, but expressed no regret at having taken the fire from Olympus.

Zeus now decided to treat Prometheus with at least the appearance of gentleness. He ordered his most cunning workman, Hephæstus, to make the most beautiful human form he could imagine and bring it to Olympus. When this was done Zeus gave her life, and each of the great ones gave her his choicest gift, whereby she received beauty,

PROMETHEUS

wisdom, grace of manner, gentleness of speech, cunning, and other remarkable qualities. Thus she became the beautiful, all-gifted Pandora. Zeus then told Hermes, his messenger, to take her, together with a box that she was not to open without permission, as a present to Prometheus.

Prometheus may well have been charmed by such a gift, but when he was told from whom Pandora came he had too much forethought to accept the present, as he believed that it meant trouble for him.

When Hermes reported that Prometheus had refused his beautiful present, Zeus was angrier than ever. Again he called Hephæstus and commanded him to forge chains that could not be broken and bind Prometheus to a great rock in the Caucasus Mountains, there to remain until he should repent of his disobedience. Hephæstus loved the great-hearted Prometheus, but dared not disobey the commands of the powerful Zeus. A vulture was sent each day to tear, with his sharp beak and claws, the flesh of the uncomplaining victim.

Some of the Greek story-tellers say, that while Prometheus was thus chained to a rock and could not bestow his kindly care on men, they became very wicked. No man regarded the rights of his neighbor, and most selfish and cruel things were constantly done, until Zeus in his anger declared that all people should be destroyed. So he sent a

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great rain upon the earth that filled all the valleys and covered all the mountains of Greece, and all the people were drowned except Deucalion, a son of Prometheus, and his wife, Pyrrha, a daughter of Epimetheus and Pandora. They were saved in a boat which they had built by the advice of Prometheus.

The boat stranded on a mountain top and after the flood had subsided they started down the mountain side. They felt very lonely and began to wonder what they should do for company, when there appeared a most beautiful person with a very good-natured face and twinkling eyes, wearing a strange winged cap on his head and wings on his heels, who said to them, "As you go down the mountain, throw the bones of your mother over your shoulder."

It is not strange that they should fail to understand such an absurd command, but when they turned to ask what was meant, he was gone. They thought for some time and finally remembered that they had once heard the earth called their mother. If she were, why might not the stones be called her bones? Therefore, as they went down the mountain they picked up stones and threw them over their shoulders, and when they looked back, behold! the stones thrown by Deucalion had become strong men, and those thrown by Pyrrha, beautiful women. All these men and women were

PROMETHEUS

anxious to serve the two people who had been saved from the flood.

Thus was the world re-peopled. One of the sons of this pair was called Hellen, and all the people were named from him, Hellenes. These were the people whom we now call Greeks.

In the meantime, scorching suns and biting frosts followed each other until years had passed, yet Prometheus, chained to the great rock in the mountains, endured all with a quiet patience, knowing full well that unselfish kindness can never die, and also that, in due time, there would come for him, from the children of men, a great and noble-hearted one who would break his chains and end his sufferings.

And so it came about that in good time the powerful hero, Heracles, bent upon great deeds, passed through the Caucasus Mountains and saw the great forethinker, chained and suffering. He heard the story, and the sympathy and indignation it awakened gave strength to his arm. He broke the chains, and the unbound Prometheus went to the mighty Zeus who was both great enough and just enough to admit that concerning men he had been wrong, and had treated Prometheus too harshly. So, again, these two great ones of Olympus were at peace.

The people of Greece, especially those at Athens, felt great love for Prometheus and built a temple at Athens for his worship. Near that temple, they

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constructed a course where races were run in his honor. The prize, however, was not given for fleetness alone, but for thoughtful care as well. Each contestant was required to carry a lighted torch, and he who first reached the goal with his torch still burning was the winner.



IV

PANDORA AND EPIMETHEUS

IN the story of Prometheus we have learned how and why Pandora was created and what a divinely gifted woman she was, and also that with her went a curiously beautiful box. When Prometheus refused to receive Pandora and the box, Zeus may have thought it would be some punishment to Prometheus to plague his thoughtless brother, Epimetheus; at any rate, the same presents were offered to Epimetheus and he, quite forgetful of the cautions of his brother, gladly accepted them.

Like many other newly made homes, everything went happily for some time, and might have continued so, had it not been for that troublesome box. The happy couple had been told by Hermes not to open it without permission; but as time passed, Pandora became more and more eager to know what was in it.

One day, while Epimetheus was away and Pandora had nothing to do, she sat down by the box, perhaps to look at the beautiful pictures on its top. This seemed a very innocent thing to do, but soon her fingers began playing with the magically bright cord that fastened it. In some way that even

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Pandora never could explain, it came untied. This frightened her very much at first, and she at once set about trying to tie it again as it was before. Her anxiety increased when she found that this was not an easy matter. Perhaps she was nervous and excited, as others might have been in her place. Whatever the cause, she could not fasten it, and soon began wondering what would happen if she were to take just one peep into the box.

While Pandora sat thinking it all over, with the box beside her and her fingers toying with the edge of the lid, Epimetheus returned and stood in the doorway. He saw the untied cord by the box, and it was easy enough to guess what was in Pandora's mind. He should have warned her of her danger at once. But he neglected to do so. Perhaps he knew it would do no good, but we more than suspect that he himself had a secret wish to know what was in the box, and that he was trying to persuade himself that he could not be blamed in any way if Pandora opened it, though he were silently looking on.

Whatever his thoughts may have been, he soon had enough to do. Though Pandora's fingers raised the lid but the least trifle, there flew out a swarm of wicked insects, each with a sharp sting in its tail. They stung both Pandora and Epimetheus until they cried out in agony. The shock of the first pain must have been hard to bear, but the

PANDORA AND EPIMETHEUS

sharpness of each sting was made keener by remembering that the trouble was entirely of their own making.

It is not surprising that, for a time, they were excited. Before they had recovered from their surprise they were again astonished to hear a gentle tap on the under side of the lid of the box. They stopped their outcry and looked in the direction of the sound. Again they heard it, and immediately came the words, spoken in the sweetest of tones, "Let me out."

Poor Pandora could think only of the mischief she had already caused by raising that lid ever so little. But the voice from the box went on pleading, "Please let me out. I am Hope, and I will heal and never wound you."

Almost without knowing it, Pandora's fingers again raised the lid of that curious box, and out stepped one of the most beautiful beings the world has ever seen. Her dress seemed made of materials as delicate and fleecy as the fringe of a sunset cloud, and her wings seemed tinged by all the beautiful hues of the rainbow. Her face had the tender sweetness of a mother's, and her eyes glowed with the warmth of mellow sunshine.

Again she spoke: "Let my fingers but touch the wounds made by sickness, disappointment and sorrow, and the pain will lessen, disappointment and sorrow will be changed to the strength that comes

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of patience and that finally brings peace. Wherever you may be or whatever your need, call me, and I will be with you. I come from the Immortals."

Pandora and Epimetheus could smile again, and their happiness had a new meaning. They were much comforted, and never, in the years that followed, did they forget the promise of Hope, which they found her ever ready to redeem.

THE STATUE OF HOPE

By Bertel Thorvaldsen (1770-1844)

For many hundred years, Greek children listened with delight to the tale of the charming Pandora who came to earth bringing with her a very mysterious box. Thousands of children since those days have been delighted by the same story and many more in the years to be will doubtless listen to it with equal pleasure.

Not children alone, but men and women, as well, have been charmed by the story. Artists, especially, have endeavored to give us their idea of Hope; but none, either in the old Greek days or in later times, has succeeded in this better than the Danish sculptor, Thorvaldsen.

His father lived for years in Iceland, but at last becoming tired of the cold climate of the island, he removed to the milder one of Copenhagen. There



HOPE — *Thorvaldsen*

PANDORA AND EPIMETHEUS

he learned the art of wood-carving, and there his son Bertel was born.

Before Bertel was ten years old he had learned to help his father at wood-carving. When he was eleven he was placed in the art school of Copenhagen. When he was twenty-two he had won the highest prize, which entitled him to the right to travel and have his expenses paid by the school. He soon went to Italy, where lived Canova, at that time one of the greatest sculptors since the days of ancient Greek art.

Thorvaldsen at once began to feel the inspiration of Greek myths and hero tales. The first work of any importance that he did in Rome was to model in clay a statue of Jason, which was immediately ordered in marble by a wealthy Englishman. This so pleased all who saw it that other orders followed and his success as an artist was certain.

Rome had much Greek art, or copies of Greek art, and to the study of this Thorvaldsen gave a great part of his time. He soon came to feel that to produce statues like those of the Greeks would best satisfy his ambition, and with this purpose he continued to live and work in Rome for twenty-three years.

On his return to Copenhagen he was met outside the harbor by a boat loaded with his special friends and the officers of the city who conducted him to his home, where he was given a most enthusiastic

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welcome. He was at once commissioned to produce statues of Christ and his twelve Apostles for the Vor-Frue-Kirke (Church of our Lady) in Copenhagen. He made other pieces of sculpture for this church, which now ranks very high in the number and character of its statuary.

Some of Thorvaldsen's statues and bas-reliefs are frequently copied in plaster. All have doubtless seen his "Night" and "Morning." The picture here shown is of his statue of Hope, one of the most beautiful and delicate of his works. No place in life can be so dark that its shadows will not flee at the approach of one so sweet and graceful as that here shown carrying the torch of hope.



V

THE FOREST OF DODONA

WE have seen how Zeus became chief of the gods, and also that, after a time, he became the friend of men and of Prometheus, their creator. So great was the friendship that the people called him "Father of gods and *men*." While they thought his face was stern, they still believed it kind; though his dwelling-place was far away, they believed he sympathized with them in their joys and their sorrows; was pleased with thanks and gifts offered him, and that he was ever ready, when asked, to direct them by his wisdom. So the people set apart certain places where they could approach the great Zeus. At such places, which were held sacred, temples and altars were built for the worship of the god, and statues of him were often placed there.

The most noted of these sacred places in early days was in the great forest of Dodona, in Epirus. This place was selected in the following interesting manner: From a temple in Thebes, Egypt, there were set free two white doves. Guided by the will of Zeus, one flew to an oasis in the great desert of Africa where, years before, Zeus had caused a spring of cold water to gush forth to slake the thirst of the

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god Dionysus. At this place was afterward built a great temple, called the Temple of Jupiter Ammon.

The other dove flew to the forest of Dodona, where, in an opening surrounded by a grove of oak-trees, a simple altar of stones was built by Deucalion, the son of Prometheus. One of the oaks in this grove, by the way it waved its branches and rustled its leaves, spoke the words of the god to his children, and was known as the Sacred Talking Oak. Here came many Greeks to worship Zeus and to be guided out of their troubles by the wisdom spoken by this tree.

In later years, a most beautiful and noted temple was built for the worship of Zeus in Olympia, in the country of Elis. In this temple was placed the remarkable statue of Zeus described on page 8.



VI

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

Not only when men prayed to him was Zeus interested in their welfare, but of his own desire he cared for them and showed them both kindness and justice. This is well illustrated by the story of his visit to a village in Phrygia, in Asia Minor.

He called Hermes, his messenger, one day, and said to him, "I wish to see how men live when they think themselves quite alone. I wish to know if each one thinks only of himself or if he also regards the rights and happiness of his neighbors. How may we best disguise ourselves and go among men and learn these things for ourselves?"

Quickly Hermes replied, "Let us go as poor, tired travelers. If the people show kindness and justice to us, we may be sure they will do so to others at all times."

And thus it was that they visited a little village and Hermes, stopping at the first door, said, "We are two weary travelers and need rest and food and drink. May we have them here?"

The door opened but a little way and the master of the house answered, "There are sick people in the house and we have no room. Why should we

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be troubled with strangers anyway? They must care for themselves." And the door shut sharply.

At the next house Hermes repeated his request, and the one who opened the door said, impatiently, "We are preparing for a banquet this evening and have neither time nor place for strangers. Go to the next house."

At the next door they were told, "We have flax to spin and weave, clothing to make, and no food to waste on beggars." At every door they were given some untruthful or selfish answer. In the meantime, the children of the street had been following them and calling them "worthless fellows," "lazy vagabonds," and "dirty beggars," and pelting them with stones and mud from the street.

When the last house in the village had been visited, Zeus was angry and said to Hermes, "Shall I destroy them all?"

Hermes, looking toward the top of the hill by the village, replied, "There is still one house yonder where we have not called. Let us go there." They started up the hill just as the sun was about to set.

In this very small house on the hill lived an old couple whose names were Baucis and Philemon. They were sitting by their door looking at the glory of the clouds and the sky, and thinking of another evening many years gone by when they first sat there together, and of the hopes that then filled their thoughts, hopes as rosy as the sky was

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

now, and Philemon said aloud, "Have those hopes come true?"

And the sweet-hearted Baucis replied, "Yes, love has more than fulfilled them."

What more they might have said we do not know, for just then Baucis saw the two strangers. "See those two travelers, Philemon," she said. "They are large and powerful men, yet their walk tells me they are weary and doubtless in need of food and drink and rest. You meet and welcome them while I prepare the best we have."

Philemon went forward to greet them and when he arrived at the door with his guests Baucis was there to repeat by looks and words the welcome her husband had already given them.

"You must be hungry," she said, "come in. You are more than welcome to what we have."

And the four sat down to the plainest little table, on which was some black bread, honey, grapes, and a small quantity of milk in a pitcher. There seemed to be no lack of refreshment, however, for the guests. All sternness had disappeared from the face of Zeus, and in the eyes of Hermes was a twinkle merrier than usual as he held up his empty cup and said, "That milk is most excellent. May I have my cup refilled?"

Then Baucis was embarrassed, but she was also honest and said, "I grieve that my pitcher is empty."

But Hermes replied, in a kindly and encouraging

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tone, "I think there may be more. Will you please try it?" And to the utter surprise of Baucis, she was able to fill his cup.

Then Zeus held up his cup and asked to have it refilled, remarking, very genially, "You thought it was empty when you wished to refill my companion's cup, and yet you were mistaken. Perhaps you are again mistaken." And so it proved, for she was able to fill his cup a second time. But there were new and strange thoughts in her mind as she looked at her guests. She looked at Philemon also, and knew that he shared her thoughts.

When the meal was over the two travelers were persuaded to rest in the only bed in the little hut, and slept as well, perhaps, as they might have done on the downy beds of Olympus, while Baucis and Philemon lay with equal satisfaction on the dirt floor of their cottage.

In the morning the travelers were again given the best that the cottage could furnish, and they started toward the top of the hill, Baucis and Philemon with them. As they were about to bid good-bye to their guests, Zeus turned to the old couple and asked, "Is there any wish that you would be especially pleased to have granted?"

The two old people looked at each other, and each read without words what was in the other's heart, and Philemon replied, "For many years we have lived happily together in the pure air and bright

BAUCIS AND PHILEMON

sunshine of this hill, but now our years are few; may we go hence together?"

The delighted surprise on the face of Zeus at the beautiful simplicity of these old people made him seem the "father" of men, indeed, and was the best possible assurance that their wish would be granted.

As they turned to go back to their hut, Baucis noticed that there was a lake instead of a village in the valley. She looked enquiringly at Zeus.

"Yes," he said, "we are gods from Olympus, and came to earth as travelers to learn how men really live. We asked for rest and refreshment at every house in the village and all refused, and I have destroyed the people. People so heartless are fit to live only as cold-blooded fish, and you will find them in the water of yonder lake."

When Zeus stopped speaking a fresh surprise awaited Baucis and Philemon. Their little hut was gone, and in its place stood a beautiful marble mansion. "Doubtless you are surprised," said Zeus, "but that mansion is yours, built by your own thoughts and deeds during all these years. Live in it until you are called to a better land."

So they did, and when they died the mansion went with them, but there stood in its place a linden and an oak tree with whispering leaves and intertwining branches, saying, "We are to remind all passers-by of the beauty of such lives as those of Baucis and Philemon."

VII

ATHENE

Nor only did Zeus care for men, treating them with justice and kindness, but it was believed that he understood the difficulties that troubled them in carrying on their work in the world, and that he was willing to help them. He knew how men should plant and harvest their grain, raise their fruits, care for their cattle and sheep; how the housewives should order their work, wash their wool and spin and weave it into the finest cloth of the most beautiful patterns. He could teach how to plan battles if war became necessary. But people thought it would not be possible for him, personally, to do all things, and that there must be other gods and goddesses to help him.

One of the most helpful of these goddesses was Athene. She was very wise in planning what was best to do and was also very skilful in doing the things planned. She taught farmers how to sow and reap, how to care for their sheep, goats, swine, and cattle, and she even taught the soldiers how to use their weapons when they went to war, and punished all men when they acted rashly and without forethought.

ATHENE

These things alone must have kept her very busy. Yet she found time to teach women how to be skilful in spinning, weaving, and in needle-work. She herself was so skilful that she wove her own robe, besides a most beautiful one for Hera. Sculptors and painters received from her their artistic touch, but more than all, she taught both men and women to be always self-possessed and to think out and invent new and better ways of doing things. It is not strange that, knowing so much, she should be called the goddess of wisdom and invention. Any one who has ever seen an owl will not need to be told why that bird was thought to be the favorite of Athene.

How this goddess was supposed to have come into the world is both strange and interesting. Zeus wished her to teach men wisdom and the useful arts, and he thought it best that she should not possess the love and tenderness that characterize most women, for fear that she might neglect her sterner duties. Hence, he decided that he would create her without a mother, giving to her his own wisdom, but none of the tenderness of a mother's love. Direct from the head of Zeus she came, with weapons in her hands, and covered from head to foot with brilliant armor. Helios, the charioteer of the sun, was so dazzled by its glitter when she first appeared that he was forced to stop his horses in their course until the armor was removed.

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When prepared for war, Athene wore a shining helmet topped with a lofty, nodding plume, carrying her great spear in her right hand and her shield with her left. The first shield was made from the skin of the goat Amalthea, and had in its center the head of the gorgon Medusa, which turned to stone all who looked upon it. But later, she had a shield of brass made by Hephæstus, with the same head in the centre. She had a breastplate of brass with a gorgon's head in the center, and wore a robe clasped over her left shoulder by a brooch that also had carved upon it the gorgon's head. This shield is called the ægis, or protector, and gave safety to the wearer. The ægis in some form was frequently placed over the gateway of a city or over the doorway of a house.

THE STATUE OF ATHENE

We have learned how Athene became the favorite goddess of Athens, and also, that once in four years all the people of the city joined in a great religious festival that ended in a grand procession in her honor. We have read, too, of the beauty of her temple, the Parthenon, in the east room of which was placed her statue, made of ivory and gold carved by Pheidias, the greatest sculptor that ever lived. But that statue has long since disappeared and so has nearly all the art created by



ATHENE — (Vatican, Rome)

ATHENE

that same great sculptor. That is why a fairly good copy of a statue by Pheidias is so highly prized, and even these copies are very few.

About three hundred years ago an art-loving Italian gentleman by the name of Vincenzo Guistiniani came into possession of a statue of Athene which possessed exceptional beauty and which bore indications of having been the work of Pheidias. This statue has consequently been preserved most carefully, and is now in the Vatican gallery in Rome.

The strength and courage of a warrior are shown by the expression of the face of the goddess and by her attitude. She carries a spear in her right hand, and wears a helmet on her head. The serpent at her feet is the symbol of her wisdom, while the ægis on her breast, with the head of the terrible Medusa on it, makes it impossible for her to be overthrown or conquered even by a god from Olympus. Zeus himself has been known to borrow her ægis in order to make sure of victory in some terrible struggle. Taken altogether this is one of the most satisfactory statues of Athene in the world today

VIII

CONTEST BETWEEN POSEIDON AND ATHENE

IN early days wild beasts were very many and very fierce, and men were sometimes as wild and fierce as the animals; hence it was necessary for people to build their homes in the safest places and guard them with the greatest care. A high hill with very steep sides was one of the best places that could be found. A hill of this kind, like that at Athens, the Greeks called an acropolis, and many of their cities were built on similar rocky elevations.

One day a stranger came to one of these cities where the people were very poor and ignorant, living mostly in shabby little huts, or even in holes dug in the hillsides. The stranger did not speak their language, and so had much trouble in making them understand that he had been shipwrecked and needed food. This they gave him, and he soon taught them many things that helped them to live more comfortably. The people came to trust him, and finally made him their king. This man's name was Cecrops.

As his people learned to build better houses, they learned also to guard their hill city more carefully,

CONTEST BETWEEN POSEIDON AND ATHENE

so it was with great surprise that, one day, they saw two strangers in their city. The guard of their only gateway had not seen them enter nor could he give any account of them.

One of them, a powerful man wearing a sea-green mantle and carrying a great three-pointed spear, said to the people, "I am Poseidon, and wish you to take me for your chief god. Let me give a name to your city, and in return I will bring you wealth, especially by trade on the sea. I will give you also one gift in addition, more valuable than any other that can be named." But the people were silent.

Then the other stranger, a woman, spoke to them. She wore a beautiful robe, which was held by a peculiar brooch on the left shoulder, and carried in her right hand a heavy spear, and on her left hand an owl. "I am Athene," she said. "If you will permit me to name your city and let my temple be most loved, I will give you wisdom, skill in the work of your hands, and one other gift more valuable than anything else that can be named."

Still the people did not know what answer to make, and both Poseidon and Athene proposed that the other gods should be consulted. This so pleased the people that a day was appointed for a hearing.

When the time arrived there came to the city, Zeus and his queen, with Poseidon, Athene, Eros, the god of the silver bow, his twin sister, and the others of the twelve great ones of Olympus, a

GREEK MYTHS AND THEIR ART

majestic assemblage of the Shining Ones. The people wished to know the special gift of Poseidon, and he stood up in his power, and with his great trident smote the rock a mighty blow that split it, and there gushed up a spring of salt water. Then came forth a wondrously beautiful animal, with a strong, graceful body, and with slender, clean-cut limbs. It moved about with arching neck and a prancing, playful gait.

"That," said Poseidon, "is a horse, and he will draw your chariot in war and carry you with the speed of the wind at all times wherever you wish to go."

As the horse came back to receive the caress of his maker, some of the people cried, "Let it be as Poseidon wishes," but others said, "Let us hear Athene."

Then Athene, with a smile on her lips, a wondrous light in her blue eyes, stepped forth and dropped a seed into the earth while all watched intently. Soon there sprang up a little plant which grew so rapidly that it became a tree while the people looked, and flowers came forth and fruit ripened. "That," said the goddess, "is an olive-tree and its fruit will be a blessing to men always."

Then the people cried out their assent and the nod of Zeus and the other great ones confirmed it. The city was named Athens and the temple of Athene became the chief one in the city. It has

CONTEST BETWEEN POSEIDON AND ATHENE

been said that all the horses and all the olive-trees in the world came from these two creations.

In the course of years men became more gentle towards one another and learned to obey the laws. They found it safe to live on the plain at the foot of the hill, while the city grew large and beautiful. Then, only temples were built on the Acropolis and they were more beautiful than any others that have ever been made.

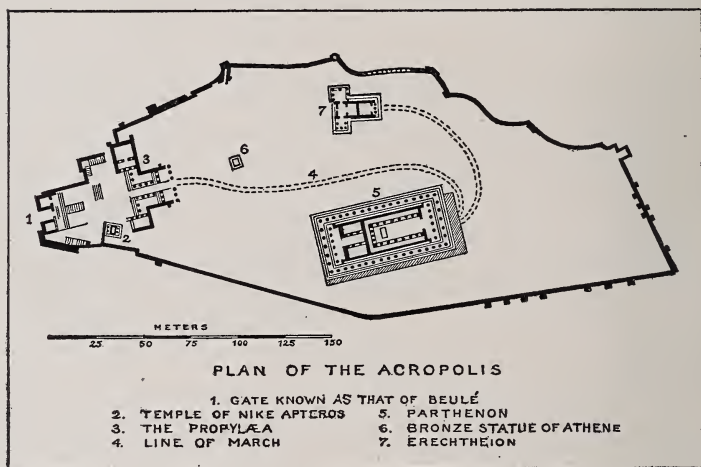
The people of Athens never forgot their promise to consider Athene with special favor. Erechtheus, one of the early kings of Athens, established a public festival in her honor. This was called the Athenæa. Years after, Theseus became king and gathered all the people near Athens under his control. Once in four years all united in the festival in honor of Athene. Even the prisoners were set free that they might take part in it. The name was changed by putting the word *pan*, meaning *all*, before the old name, and the Panathenæa became the great festival of Attica, which was attended by people from all over Greece.

Besides foot-races and athletic contests, contests in music and in the reading of Homer's poems, there were races with lighted torches, as in the worship of Prometheus. The festival closed with a grand and solemn procession, at the head of which was carried a beautiful robe, called the peplos, made by especially chosen Athenian maidens and

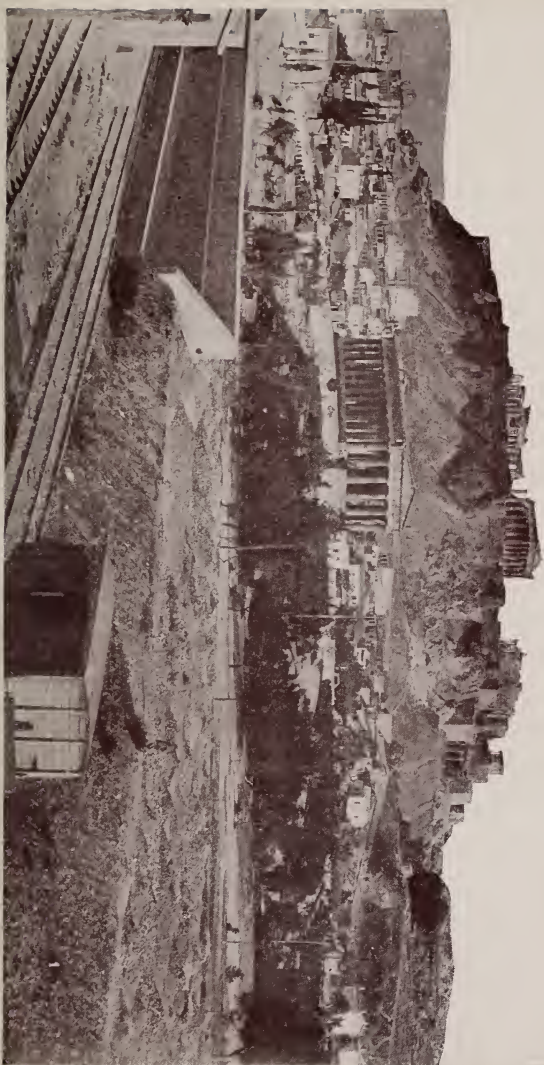
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embroidered with battle-scenes from the war of Zeus with Kronos. The robe was to be placed on the statue of Athene that stood in the eastern part of the Erechtheion. But to understand this we must first look at the plan of the Acropolis below.

This hill was about 150 feet high and the sides were almost perpendicular, except on the west. It



was nearly level on top, and measured about 1,000 feet from east to west and about 500 feet from north to south, enclosed with a massive wall. On a clear midsummer's day let us join the procession as it winds through the narrow streets of the most cultured city of the ancient world. It is moving west along one of the streets of the city, and turns first north and then east in order to pass up the



VIEW OF THE ACROPOLIS, ATHENS, AT THE PRESENT TIME

CONTEST BETWEEN POSEIDON AND ATHENE

beautiful white marble steps, seventy feet in breadth, at the west end of the Acropolis.

We see ahead of us the bright colors of the peplos raised like a sail above the heads of the sober throng. It has already reached the top of the steps and is about to pass the entrance way, a portico called the propylæa. This is sixty feet wide, supported by six marble columns four and one-half feet in diameter and thirty feet high, with a wing on either side, also supported by marble columns, making the entire width 158 feet. The walls of the north wing are covered with paintings, while the south wing is an open porch. The mouldings of the entire entrance are delicately touched with tints of red and blue.

In front of the south wing is one of the smallest and most beautiful of Greek temples, built to honor a general, Cimon, for a great victory over the Persians. It is called the Temple of Nike, or the Wingless Victory.

The peplos has already passed through the middle of one of five great bronze doors in the propylæa, and we will follow. Directly in front of us stands a bronze statue of Athene as she would appear in battle. Her spear point is seventy feet above us, and the glitter of her helmet makes Greek sailors feel safe as they look at it when they are many miles out at sea.

The white marble building at the right, standing

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near the south side of the Acropolis, is the Temple of the Maiden Goddess, and is called the Parthenon. It is 228 feet long and 101 feet wide, and its roof is supported by forty-six marble columns, each 6 feet 2 inches in diameter at the base, and 34 feet high. These columns extend entirely around the building, thus leaving an open space between them and the enclosed part, called the cella. On the east end, above the columns, we see that the triangular space, or pediment, encloses marble figures that illustrate the story of the remarkable birth of Athene, while the pediment at the west end encloses the sculptured figures of the twelve great gods of Olympus sitting to decide whether Athene or Poseidon shall be most honored at Athens. These figures are now in ruins, but such mutilated fragments as remain are highly prized by art authorities. Plaster casts of them are made, and placed in museums throughout the world to be studied as models of beauty and skill in rendering.

At the top of the cella wall an exquisitely carved border, or frieze, extends around the four sides. When we look at this frieze it seems as if the procession of which we are now a part had been turned to stone, for it is the story the artists have carved there, making a line of marble pictures over five hundred feet long.

The cella is divided into two rooms, with one door at the west and another at the east. The

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western room, forty-three feet long, is for storing the gold, silver, and precious stones brought to the temple; it is the treasure-house of the temple; while in the eastern room, ninety-eight feet long, is the wonder of the building, a statue of Athene, made of ivory and gold, and about forty feet high. One might expect to see the beautiful robe that has been carried at the head of the procession placed on this statue, but not so. We follow farther, to a temple on the northern edge of the hill.

This temple is considerably smaller than the Parthenon and, under it, is said to have been buried good old King Erechtheus, who founded this festival. This temple is named from this king, the Erechtheion. In the western chamber of the cella of this temple is the salt spring produced by the terrible blow of Poseidon's trident in his contest with Athene, and it is said that the marks of the trident still show on the rocks. Here, also, is the sacred olive-tree which Athene caused to grow on that same interesting occasion.

The eastern room of the cella contains a very old statue of Athene, made of olive-wood, and is about four feet high. This statue, it is said, was let down from heaven to one of the princes of Troy, and he was told that it should be very carefully guarded, for, if it were lost, Troy would lose its liberty. When the Greeks had besieged Troy for ten years, they were told that the city would never

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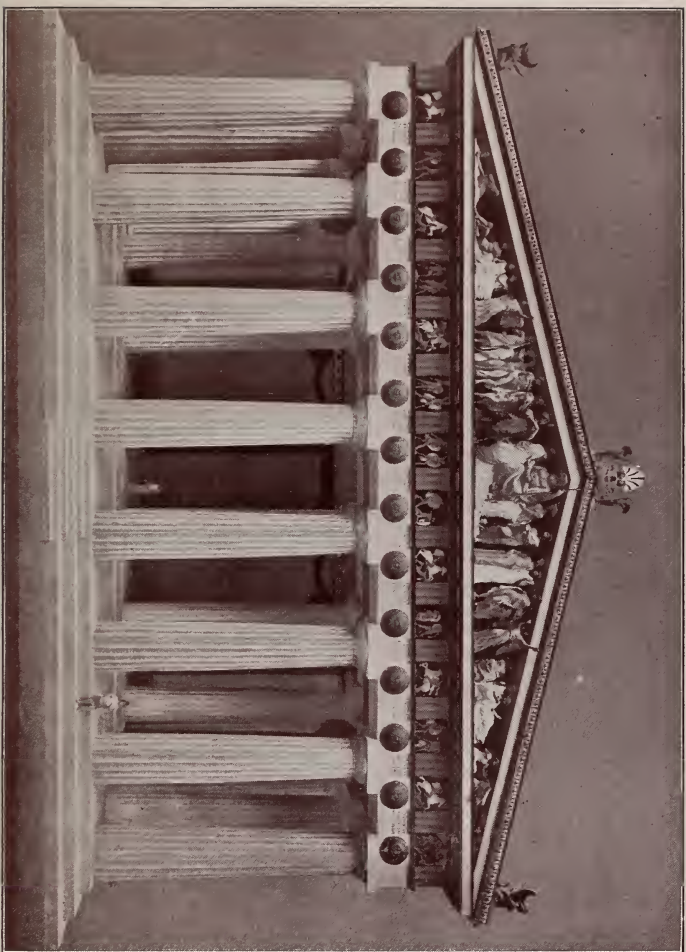
be taken while it had this sacred statue, which was called the Palladium, the protector of their liberty. By great cunning, Ulysses got possession of it and soon after the Greeks captured Troy and brought the statue to Athens.

Before this statue a golden lamp was kept burning day and night, fed with sacred olive-oil but once a year. On this crude wooden statue, more loved than the one made of gold and ivory in the Parthenon, was placed, with the utmost care, the beautifully embroidered robe.

THE PARTHENON RESTORED

We have already learned the story of the founding of the city of Athens on its highest hill, called the Acropolis, and know that, when it became safe to do so, the people built homes down on the plain by the foot of the hill. To climb a hill one hundred and fifty feet high several times a day was no small task, hence it was much easier to live on the plain. On the Acropolis was then built a fort and also a temple to Athene, both of which were destroyed by the Persians when they captured the city, in 480 B. C. About a year later, the Persians were defeated and driven out of Greece and the Athenians were left in peace for many years.

During this time they became very rich and spent a great deal of their wealth in making their



THE PARTHENON RESTORED

CONTEST BETWEEN POSEIDON AND ATHENE

city beautiful. The buildings they constructed and the statues that they placed about the city were the finest that the world has ever known, and the most wonderful of all were the temples and carvings upon the Acropolis. At the western end of the Acropolis was built the propylæa already mentioned. At the north side was a temple built above the grave of their old king Erechtheus and called the Erechtheion, and near the southern edge, on the site of the old temple of Athene destroyed by the Persians, they built a much larger and more beautiful temple to the same goddess and named it the Parthenon.

The Parthenon was designed by the architect Ictinus, and was built on the highest point of the Acropolis. It was constructed entirely of white marble, and although severely plain, it was of the most perfect proportions. Its length, width and height were most carefully estimated, even to the proportions of the columns. Yet all this beauty of material and proportion did not satisfy the high standard of the Greeks. These slabs and columns of marble must be given life by the chisel of the sculptor and the brush of the painter. Pheidias and his helpers did this so successfully that it has been the wonder and admiration of the world ever since.

The Parthenon was ruined many years ago, but descriptions enable us to reproduce it with

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reasonable accuracy. Our picture shows the eastern end of the building.

RUINS OF THE PARTHENON

A little more than a hundred years after the Parthenon was completed Athens fell under the rule of Alexander, the young king of Macedon. He died a few years later and his successor in Greece appointed a vain and evil-minded governor for Athens who was permitted to make a part of this temple his residence, thus beginning to mar the building as well as to dishonor the goddess by living a life of shame in her temple. This man was followed by a governor whose conduct was such that the people of Athens rose against him and forced him to flee. With him he took some of the gold and ivory which had been a part of the statue of Athene.

A hundred and fifty years later Rome became the ruler of Athens and for many years the Parthenon remained uninjured. About the year four hundred the city fell into the hands of the Goths, a half-civilized people, led by their chief, Alaric. The city was plundered, but the splendor of the temples on the Acropolis so impressed Alaric, and especially the great bronze statue of Athene so awed him, that he left them untouched.

Athens was ruled by several different peoples



RUINS OF THE PARTHENON

CONTEST BETWEEN POSEIDON AND ATHENE

during the centuries that followed, but the Parthenon was not seriously injured until it fell into the hands of the Turks. In the last part of the seventeenth century, the Turks in Athens were attacked by the people of Venice, who bombarded the temple, which was then used as a fort. The Turks had a quantity of powder stored in the building and at last a bomb-shell broke through the roof and exploded the powder. This explosion wrecked the Parthenon. The Turks succeeded in holding the city and later used some of the beautiful carved marbles to build huts for their people, or burned them to make lime. About fifty years later, Lord Elgin, a Scotch nobleman, in the employ of England, by permission of the Sultan of Turkey gathered nearly all the marble slabs that once formed the frieze of the cella and took them to England, where they may be seen today in the British Museum in London. While little of the beauty of ancient days remains on the Acropolis, yet no place in Greece has greater interest for thoughtful people than that where can still be seen the ruins of that noble temple.

IX

ARACHNE

THE people of Greece believed that Athene was their instructor and guide in the domestic arts, especially in spinning and weaving, and that any one who did not acknowledge such guidance did wrong, and deserved, and would receive, the severest punishment. No myth better illustrates this than that of Arachne.

Arachne grew up in a poor home, but she was industrious, and learned to dress and card wool skilfully, and to make rolls for spinning that looked as white and fleecy as summer clouds. She could spin the finest and smoothest of threads and weave webs of cloth as gauzy as the web of a spider. She could arrange the different colors in her patterns until they mingled as delicately as those in the rainbow; and she learned to embroider the most beautiful pictures on her webs of cloth.

One day, when she had finished the picture of a landscape in which were trees and flowers and grasses with a small stream winding among them, so skilfully was it done that when the wood-nymphs saw it they thought it real and came to bathe in the stream. Not only was her completed work beautiful,

ARACHNE

but it was almost as great a pleasure to watch her fingers throwing the shuttle or using the needle as it was to look at her finished pictures.

All this might have given nothing but pleasure to every one had Arachne's mother been a sensible woman and had taught her daughter to be modest as well as skilful. But she showed Arachne's work to all her visitors and boasted in a foolish way of its excellence. She said that she had learned to do it all without the aid of a teacher, and that she was, in fact, the most skilful person in weaving and embroidering to be found anywhere.

It is not strange that Arachne became very vain, and after a few years boasted quite as much as her silly mother. She came to have great contempt for other workers, even if they were very good ones, and was especially proud that no one had ever taught her, while others had received help.

One day there came a very modest, quiet old lady with keen blue eyes that made most people fear her somewhat, although they could not help loving her, too. Arachne showed her work and boasted of it. The old lady admired it greatly and said, "It is indeed most beautiful. You must have been taught by Athene."

"No," said Arachne, "I have learned to do it all by myself. I would scorn help; in fact, there is no teacher wise enough to help me."

The old lady replied, "But Athene is the goddess

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of wisdom and perhaps gave you the power to do such beautiful work in the first place and you had only to learn to use it."

Arachne was angry at this and declared she had received no help from the goddess or any one else, and that there were no fingers so skilful as her own. The old lady still suggested that all should beware not to forget the gods. "Athene's fingers," she said, "may have been guiding your own quite unseen."

"She has not the skill," said Arachne, boastfully.

"What!" said the old lady, "do you mean to challenge Athene to a comparison?" and those blue eyes had a dangerous light in them.

"I admit no one as my equal, Athene or any other," said Arachne, angrily.

Then a change came over the old lady's face, and the old garment with which she had been wrapped dropped away from her and displayed a bronze helmet with a nodding plume, and a shining mantle fastened by a very peculiar clasp. Arachne knew that it was Athene herself who stood before her. Even then, if Arachne could have learned modesty and a proper regard for others, especially for the gods, the real kindness back of those blue eyes would have forgiven her. But instead, Arachne defied the goddess to produce work as beautiful as her own. So a contest was arranged.

When the day for the trial of skill arrived, each

ARACHNE

sat before her loom ready to begin. Arachne did not observe as she might have done, that her own loom in comparison with that of Athene was both clumsy and weak, while Athene's moved with skilful certainty and power. Still, Arachne's work was most delicate, and greatly admired even by the judges, but the scenes she wove showed still further her own irreverence and vanity, for she tried to picture what she thought were the weaknesses and follies of the gods, especially of Zeus.

On the other hand, Athene wrought, in the most delicate tracery, the faces of Zeus and the other great ones of Olympus as they sat to decide the contest of Poseidon and herself for the care of Athens. Each face was so perfect that one could easily fancy words coming from their lips. Perhaps they did speak words of wisdom to the ears of Arachne, for when she looked at her own work and at that of the goddess, no judges were needed to decide how shabby and poor was her own in the comparison. Her good sense and judgment told her at once of her own folly. She saw that for real use and strength, her work was like that of the spider, and to this creature she ever after compared herself.

The blush of shame that came to her face gives hope that, although we hear nothing more of Arachne, she may have been wise enough to lay away the fee for old Charon to take her over the Styx to a wiser life in the Isles of the Blessed.

X

HEPHÆSTUS

No people ever learned how to live in a comfortable way without the use of metals. Most nations used copper first, because of the ease of melting and working it. The tin and zinc ores were next employed, as they also were easily melted and worked. The next step was to find how to melt copper with tin or with zinc and make a compound, brass or bronze, that was much harder than copper and from which very many useful articles could be made.

All this preceded the use of iron, even in a country where iron ore was plentiful, because of the difficulty of making a furnace and other things necessary to work the metal. Many years would be required to learn the use of bronze, and very many more would pass before a people learned how to make iron, and especially steel. This would occur, of course, in the early period of a nation's history before the people had learned to keep any written record of their own doings, so that it is quite impossible for us to know how many thousands of years it really took people to learn to use iron and steel.

HEPHÆSTUS

When this discovery was made they fully appreciated its value and thought it had been secured by the help of the gods.

As the Greeks saw that furnaces discharge their smoke and fire through chimneys, it is not strange that Mt. Etna and volcanoes elsewhere were thought to be the chimneys for the workshops of the gods. The people regarded their knowledge of metal working as a divine gift, and that for carrying on an industry so essential to their happiness there was needed the guidance of some one not less wise and far-seeing than a god. This god was called Hephæstus, and he was given an army of skilful workers as his helpers. In the picture he is called Vulcan, the name given him by the Romans.

Some have said that, as Zeus alone created Athene, Hera, his queen, did not want to be outdone by him, and so she created Hephæstus. But the story generally believed was, that he was the son of Zeus and Hera, but was a sickly and deformed babe. This so angered his mother that she hurled him from her with such force that he fell from Olympus and continued falling during an entire day, finally landing on the island of Lemnos. Here, severely injured by his fall, he was found by a most powerful and kindly sea-nymph, Thetis, who secreted him in a cave and nursed him back to health and strength.

As he grew in strength Hephæstus became as wise and skilful in his department as Athene was in

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hers. Zeus always remembered his son most kindly, and when he saw his industry, his skill and ingenuity, he made him ruler of the kingdom of fire and of the metals. He was lame, one limb being shorter than the other, while both were weak, but his arms were powerful, and in shrewdness and keenness of mind he was a match for any of the gods.

His work had to be in the midst of smoke, soot and blackness, but so necessary did he become to the gods that he was permitted to have his palace on Olympus, where it stood as lasting and as beautiful as the stars. Besides this, he had a dwelling-place on the earth, in one part of which was his workshop, most ingeniously fitted with anvils, bellows and hammers. The bellows were so cunningly made that they worked by the will of their master, without the touch of his hand, so that the heat of his fire was great or small according to his desire.

All the palaces of the gods were planned and constructed by Hephæstus. The brazen boat in which the sun-god with his horses and chariot rode from the land of sunset to that of the dawn was of his making. Even Zeus was compelled to go to him to forge a chain strong enough to bind Prometheus. It was under his direction that the Cyclopes forged thunderbolts for Zeus. To him went Apollo and his twin sister, Artemis, for their arrows, and the lovely Eros (commonly called Cupid) was dependent on this god for his silvery shafts.

HEPHÆSTUS

Once the gods of Olympus in good-natured sport asked Hephæstus to serve as a waiter at one of their banquets, and he, with equal good nature, consented. This duty was usually performed by Ganymede, who was both swift and graceful. As was expected, the deformed weak legs made Hephæstus stumble about awkwardly and the gods laughed boisterously, Hephæstus joining in the merriment. His good nature gained him only greater love and respect. What wonder that the Greek people thought labor honorable when they believed that the making and decorating of cloth was taught them by the wise goddess Athene, and saw that the shrewd and good-natured Hephæstus was the master of cunning workmanship in metals!

Hephæstus did not forget Thetis who had so kindly cared for him after his fall from Olympus, and in due time he was able to show his gratitude. Thetis had a very remarkable son named Achilles. When this son grew to be a man, he became the greatest warrior of all the Greeks, but when the Trojans killed his dearest friend, Achilles could not avenge his death, as he had no armor to protect him in battle. Then he called, "O Mother Thetis! help me in my great need."

Thetis appeared in answer to his call and comforted him, saying, "I will try to furnish you with armor." She went at once to the workshop of Hephæstus. When he learned who had called he

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washed the grime from his face and neck and hands that he might appear becomingly before one so gentle and worthy. When he presented himself, Thetis said, "O kind Hephæstus! my dearly loved son, Achilles, whom I have trained so carefully, and bathed in the river Styx in order that no weapon might harm him, is in great need. He is surrounded by his enemies, and his dearest friend has been killed by them, but he has no armor. Would you —"

Hephæstus understood without waiting to hear her request, and replied, "He shall have the most beautiful and most trustworthy armor that my hands can make. I have not forgotten your kindness to me in my childhood."

All night his fires glowed and his hammer rang on his anvil, and when dawn was just pushing aside her curtains to admit the radiant day, Hephæstus appeared before Thetis with a suit of armor and a shield that surpassed any others ever worn by mortal man. By their aid Achilles defeated his enemies.

Hephæstus made the fire-breathing brass bulls with which Jason plowed the field of King Æetes; also the great brass giant Talos that walked daily three times around the Island of Crete to prevent the entrance of strangers. Hephæstus made also watch-dogs of gold and silver to guard the house of Alcinous; for himself he made golden maidens with



FORGE OF VULCAN — *Pelaseguez*
(Museum, Madrid)

HEPHÆSTUS

the power of speech and motion, who waited upon him; and for Heracles he made a shield.

The beauty-loving Greeks must have seen something very attractive in the life of this deformed god, as they gave him the most lovely of all the goddesses, Aphrodite, for a wife.

THE PICTURE OF HEPHÆSTUS AT HIS FORGE

By Diego de Silva Velasquez (1599-1660)

We have just learned from the story of Hephæstus that this god was sickly and deformed when a babe, and that this so angered his mother, Hera, that she hurled him from her, and he at last fell upon the island of Lemnos and was cared for by the nymph Thetis. It seems strange that the only deformed one among all the gods of Olympus should become the husband of Aphrodite, the goddess of beauty, but so it happened.

The picture shows the busy god Hephæstus hard at work at his forge, surrounded by his helpers, the Cyclopes. Hermes, the messenger, has just arrived from Olympus with tidings concerning Aphrodite. Hephæstus looks up in great surprise and the helpers cease their work for a moment and listen with attention. This picture hangs in the Madrid gallery with fifty others by the same artist, Velasquez.

A little over three hundred years ago, there lived in the Spanish city of Seville a lawyer by the name

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of Rodriquez de Silva and his wife who was from the old and aristocratic Velasquez family. Their son, the famous artist, was born in the year 1599, and because his mother was of noble blood he took her family name, Velasquez, instead of his father's name.

He was carefully taught by his parents who hoped to have him become a lawyer or a priest. He began drawing pictures on things about his home very early, and his father and mother were wise enough to send him to a teacher of art. About a year later he was sent to another teacher by the name of Pacheco. Here he stayed five years. It is not likely that he had any great admiration for his teacher who was a pompous, vain old fellow. Perhaps the reason he remained so long was because he fell in love with his teacher's daughter, Juana, whom he married when he was but nineteen years old.

During the next few years he heard frequently of great pictures in the gallery of Madrid and wanted very much to see them. Especially did he long to see those by the Italian artist, Titian. He resolved to go to Madrid. A friend gave him a letter to Fonseca, a courtier of the Spanish king, Philip IV. He stayed several months and not only studied the pictures of other artists but painted pictures himself.

He did his work so well while there, that he had been back in Seville but a year when he received

HEPHÆSTUS

an invitation from the prime minister of King Philip asking him to come to the court at Madrid. With this invitation was sent about one hundred dollars to pay his expenses. We can hardly imagine a happier person than this young artist must have been when he started on his second visit to Madrid.

There he became the personal friend of the king and managed his affairs so wisely that the royal friendship was never broken during the life of the artist, a period of about thirty-six years. In a short time the king asked Velasquez to bring his family to Madrid and furnished the money to pay for their removal. Ever after, Madrid was their home.

Twice the king gave Velasquez permission to visit Italy without loss of salary, and on one of these occasions gave him nearly one thousand dollars for expenses.

His study of art at Rome made him familiar with many pictures intended to illustrate Greek myths. These greatly pleased him and it was while there that he painted "The Forge of Hephæstus."

Velasquez was the greatest of Spanish artists and one of the greatest painters in the world.

THE ARMOR OF ACHILLES

Perhaps no one of the heroic tales of the Trojan war is more interesting than that of Achilles. He was unjustly treated by his commander, Agamem-

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non, and refused longer to aid the Greeks. Day after day he remained in his tent, while the Trojans killed and drove back the Greeks. The Trojans gained the Greek camp and were burning the Greek ships when Patroclus, the bosom friend of Achilles, begged for permission to wear the armor of Achilles and lead the Greeks in battle. Achilles finally consented and arrayed his friend in his own armor. The Trojans believed that the Greek warrior was the great Achilles himself and fled in fear to the walls of their city. But the brave Trojan, Hector, at last faced the supposed Achilles and struck him a fatal blow.

Word was carried to the tent of Achilles that his friend, Patroclus, was dead. The grief of Achilles knew no bounds. His mother, Thetis, came to comfort him and her son begged her to procure for him in some way a suit of armor, that he might avenge the death of his friend. She remembered Hephæstus, whom she had cared for when he fell, injured, from Olympus. To him she went and made her request. What success she had you have already learned. Filled with joy, Thetis returned with the shield and armor to Achilles, who then led the Greeks to victory and avenged his friend's death.

The painter of our picture has chosen for his subject the return of this loving mother, bringing the brilliant shield and shining armor to her son.



THETIS BEARING THE ARMOR OF ACHILLES — *François Gerard*

HEPHÆSTUS

This painter was Francois Gerard (1770-1837), the son of French parents. At the age of twelve he went to Paris and was soon after placed with a sculptor with whom he studied for two years. This did not prove to be the form of art he loved best, hence he left the sculptor and was placed under the care of the French painter, David. His progress was so rapid that at the age of nineteen he won a second prize.

Soon after this, his father died and left the family very poor, and Gerard was forced to find work that would bring some regular income. At last he found that he could paint portraits well, and when he was twenty-nine he produced a portrait of Madame Bonaparte, which was a pronounced success. On account of this, he was made the official portrait painter by the Emperor, and this insured his fortune. Famous people from various parts of Europe came to Gerard for portraits. He was made a baron by Napoleon, honored by art societies, and was an officer of the Legion of Honor. He died at the age of sixty-seven.

XI

APHRODITE

APHRODITE, daughter of the great Zeus, was the goddess of love and beauty, and is supposed to have been born of the foam of the sea on the island of Cypress where whole cities, together with their groves; temples and altars, were sacred to her.

Aphrodite must have been very lovely and exceedingly bewitching. She had a remarkable girdle that was said to greatly increase her charms when she chose to put it on. Its power was so great that even the haughty Hera borrowed it, that she might more certainly retain the love of Zeus. We may well believe, then, that there were many admirers of this beautiful goddess.

She was very fond of her son, Eros, and his room was one of the most delightful in her great palace. The carpets were the brightest and softest imaginable, his bed was of down, pictures hung on the walls, and whenever he wished, the sweetest music filled the air.

When he was old enough he was given a silver bow with an ivory quiver, in which were two kinds

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of arrows; one was of lead, blunt at the end; the other was of silver and sharp pointed. Eros prized his bow and arrows above all his other presents, and never tired of playing pranks with them.

The most remarkable thing about his appearance was a pair of very dainty white wings, by use of which he could go where he wished with the speed of thought. He was somewhat wilful, perhaps, but the fact that he was very much petted and humored by his mother may account for that.

Now we should know that the silver bow of Eros was very wonderful in that it never missed its mark. We must also remember that when Eros delivered a blow from an arrow of lead it caused the most unpleasant feelings in the one receiving it — disgust, anger, and sometimes even hatred for every object in sight; while a wound from a silver arrow caused love to spring up for what was nearest — not so great a misfortune if one knew how to treat the wound properly. Of course, Eros should have been exceedingly careful in the use of his arrows.

As may be supposed, the magnificent palace of Aphrodite was surrounded by beautiful gardens. In one of them were two large springs. The water of one was clear and sweet, and the lips that touched it spoke words as gentle and sweet as the water; while the water of the other was dark and bitter, and the lips touched by it uttered only harsh and bitter words. One may sometimes

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wonder if there are not such springs still in the world outside this garden.

A FAMOUS STATUE OF APHRODITE

About ninety years ago some men were at work clearing away rubbish and earth from an old wall on the little island of Melos, situated about eighty miles southeast of Athens, when they were surprised at coming upon a beautiful marble statue standing in a niche of the wall. People that were capable of judging such things said that it was a statue of unusual beauty, and was intended to represent Aphrodite. The French ambassador at Constantinople heard of the statue and bought it to give to his king, and it is now in the gallery of the Louvre in Paris, perhaps the most beautiful of all that great collection of statues. It is usually called Venus of Melos, but sometimes Venus of Milo. Venus was the name the Romans gave to the goddess Aphrodite.

No one can tell by whom it was carved, yet its general character leads many to believe that it was done by some Athenian sculptor. Some have even thought it may have been copied from a statue made by Alcamenes, the greatest of the pupils of Pheidias. While this may not be true, all agree that this statue represents a goddess, and not simply a beautiful woman. It is one of the most perfect Greek statues in the world today.



VENUS OF MELOS — (Louvre)

APHRODITE

APHRODITE EQUIPPING EROS

By Tiziano Vecelli, or Titian (1477-1576)

When young people have grown older and try to think what has helped them most, there are few who do not recall some loving acts or wise words of their mother as having done more than anything else for them. It is the mothers, then, who equip their sons with weapons that will win them success in the battle of life. Perhaps that is what the Greeks were thinking when they told how Aphrodite gave to her son Eros a silver bow and an ivory quiver filled with magic arrows, and permitted him to take them with him everywhere he went throughout the world.

We suspect that the artist who painted this picture thought the same thing. The mother, Aphrodite, is listening to the childish wisdom of some other Eros as she takes the bandage from the eyes of her own child and permits the two graces, who stand before her, to surprise him with the gift of the silver bow, the ivory quiver and the magic arrows. The sky, the clouds and the mountains of earth are in sight, suggesting that the earth is the place where these wonderful weapons will be most used. This picture is a masterpiece of thought and color, and yet it was painted when the artist was ninety years old. To know more of such a man will add to the pleasure of looking at this picture.

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By the foot of the Alps, in the valley of Cadore, in a humble cottage, lived Gregorio Vecelli and his wife, Lucia. Vecelli had been a soldier, and when he returned from the army he was made superintendent of the Castle of Cadore, inspector of mines, and member of the Council.

Vecelli had four children, one of whom was named Tiziano, whom the world has come to call Titian. From a child he was a lover of beauty, and very early tried to express this love in drawings. It is said that at ten he painted, with the juice of a flower, on the walls of his father's cottage, a Madonna with a child on her knee and an angel kneeling at her feet. So pleased were the parents that they immediately arranged to send the lad to his uncle in Venice that he might study art.

Titian was taught to place bits of colored glass in a pattern given him to make a glass mosaic for a window. The lad was not satisfied with the design and introduced changes of his own, but he had his ears pulled for his pains. Nevertheless, he continued to vary the patterns, and was even heard to say that he could make better ones himself. The good-natured master soon let Titian spend a part of each day painting designs for window mosaics.

To the shop of this maker of mosaics often came painters of note. One of these was a kind-spirited old man of seventy by the name of Gentile Bellini. He was attracted to the lad from the valley of



APHRODITE EQUIPPING EROS — *Titian*
(Borghese Palace, Rome)

APHRODITE

Cadore, and invited him to visit his studio. This showed Titian a new world, and in a short time he was installed as a pupil of Bellini. The old artist had traveled much, and could tell the lad of as many wonders as he could show him in his studio. The pupil absorbed the gentle spirit and refined taste of his master. Titian was now entering on the life of an artist.

The days of pupilage ended when he was quite young, and he fortunately became the friend, and, perhaps, the partner of Giorgione, who was musician, poet, and painter, and a man of lovable character. Giorgione died at the age of thirty-three, yet he had already surpassed all other artists in Venice. It is said that "Giorgione's head touched heaven and his feet were not always on earth. Titian's feet were always on earth and his head sometimes touched heaven." The influence of such a man as Giorgione must have been powerful on the life of the young artist, Titian.

Titian's work attracted favorable attention, and he received orders for pictures from churches and palaces in Venice, and soon from many other cities of Italy.

The Emperor of Spain, Charles V, passed through Italy, then a part of his empire, and asked Titian to paint his portrait. It so pleased the Emperor that he would never sit for any other painter. He made Titian a count and raised the artist's family

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to the rank of the nobility. After this, Titian received many orders from the Emperor and several from his son Philip, who ruled after him.

Many years before his death Titian became a rich man, but that in no way lessened his industry or the growth of his art. He lived to be one hundred years old, lacking six months, and he constantly improved as an artist during all those years, using his brush almost to the day of his death, his last picture being painted when he was ninety-nine years old. This explains how he was able to leave behind him over one thousand pictures.

He painted many pictures that were inspired by Greek myths, among which are "Bacchus and Ariadne," "Prometheus," "Tantalus," "Europa and the White Bull," and "Aphrodite equipping Eros."



XII

ATALANTA

THERE was once a Greek father who must have been struck by one of Eros's lead arrows, and who must also have tasted of the water from the bitter spring in Aphrodite's garden, for, when he was told that a daughter was born to him, he said, "Only a girl! Let her be taken to the mountain and be left to die. I will have no daughter in my house."

But a bear that found the baby on the mountain was kinder than her father and did not kill her. Later, some hunters found her, cared for her and named her Atalanta. She grew to be a kindly but an independent and courageous young woman. When she learned the story of her own life, she came to doubt the love and gentleness of the world and said, "I will never marry." Some people say an oracle advised her to this course, but that is only another way of saying that she had made up her mind. She loved the fields and the woods and became a great huntress.

It is not to be supposed that such a young woman would have no suitors. She turned them aside for a time, but when they became more urgent, she said, "I will be the prize of him who shall de-

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feat me in a race ; but death or a single life must be the penalty of all who try and fail."

A young man by the name of Hippomenes was to act as judge in one such contest. He said to the young men who were making ready to start, "Can it be that any one will be so rash as to take so great a risk for such a prize?"

Aphrodite had been observing the life and doings of Atalanta and now called Eros. "Take a vial of sweet water," she said, "and touch the lips of Atalanta and Hippomenes and use upon them your silver arrows."

When Atalanta threw aside her mantle to engage in the race, Hippomenes turned to the young men and said, "I beg your pardon, I did not know the value of the prize for which you were competing. Let another be judge, for I wish to enter the contest."

Then Hippomenes prayed to Aphrodite, "O Mother of Love, aid me that I may win this prize!"

The goddess picked three golden apples from her garden and sent them to Hippomenes, and Eros told him how to use them. Even Atalanta did not really wish to have him fail.

When Atalanta was about to pass Hippomenes in the race, he threw down one of the beautiful golden apples and she stopped to pick it up. When she had nearly overtaken him again, he dropped a second apple and again Atalanta stopped



ATALANTA'S RACE — *Poynter*

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to pick it up. Then Hippomenes prayed to Aphrodite, "Sweet goddess, may the last of thy gifts not fail me!" but he did not lessen his efforts. The spectators cheered, and called out, "Now, Hippomenes, relax not, if you would win." He dropped his third and last apple, and Atalanta again stopped to pick it up.

Hippomenes won the race and Atalanta became his wife. Perhaps Atalanta changed her mind in regard to marrying when she saw Hippomenes, and was quite willing to stop each time a golden apple was dropped, thus permitting herself to be defeated.

These young people were so happy that they forgot to thank Aphrodite for her aid. In fact they ignored the gods altogether. This brought swift and terrible punishment. The mother of the gods, Rhea, was angered by their selfish neglect and changed them to lions, which she yoked to her chariot and compelled them to draw her about the world. We would like to believe, however, that there came a time when Rhea saw that their labor had made them gentle and obedient, and so permitted them to become a wiser and a happier pair.

ATALANTA'S RACE

By Sir Edward J. Poynter

When we look at this picture, with the story of Atalanta fresh in our minds, we see that the maiden

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has just stooped to pick up the last golden apple, and we can almost hear the prayer of Hippomenes as he strains forward in the race: "Sweet goddess, may the last of thy gifts not fail me!" We are glad to know that his prayer was answered, and that even Atalanta was not displeased when he won the prize.

The painter, Sir Edward J. Poynter, is an English artist, although he was born in Paris, in 1836. His father was a painter of historic scenes and also an architect of some prominence. The son received his education in England, and rose in his chosen field of art until, at the age of thirty-four, he was made professor in the University of London. He proved himself quite as great a teacher as a painter of high rank. Over thirty years ago he said to an audience of artists: "Remember that the true object of art is to *create* a world, not to imitate what is constantly before our eyes."

His paintings can be found in the English Houses of Parliament, in St. Paul's Church and in the Palace of Westminster. His "Atalanta's Race" is the most popular of his canvases.

XIII

PYGMALION

APHRODITE believed that true love could work wonders and inspire men to strive for worthy ideals.

Pygmalion was a great sculptor, but in early life had acquired a dislike of women. In fact, he said, "I hate all women," but he loved his art.

It was strange therefore that the piece of sculpture he loved most and worked on longest was that of a woman. He had carved it of ivory so perfectly that he could hardly believe it was but a cold and lifeless form. He placed a beautiful robe on it, and adorned it with jewels.

When the time for the festival of Aphrodite came, Pygmalion took an offering to her altar and prayed, "Give me, O goddess of true love, give me for my wife one as sweet and pure as my ivory virgin."

The goddess heard him, and the flame on the altar shot up twice with an added glow. Aphrodite said to herself, "I will hear him for the purity and sincerity of his love, and the nobility of his ideals."

When he looked again upon his statue it seemed warm and glowing with color, and it yielded to his touch. The eyes could see and the lips could move. The maiden was a reality, a miracle wrought by the power of love.

XIV

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

IN the early days of Greece there was a most interesting and successful schoolmaster by the name of Chiron. Some people said he was a centaur, with the body of a horse and the breast and head of a man. However that may be, he taught wisely, and many of his pupils became famous. One of these was Jason, who captured the Golden Fleece; another was Heracles, who unbound Prometheus and did many other noble deeds; and another was the great warrior Achilles.

The schoolmaster Chiron had a grandson, Peleus, who was unhappily connected with the murder of his brother and fled from his home. He seems, however, to have repented of his early wrong-doing and to have resisted a temptation to commit another terrible wrong. The gods were pleased at this, and decided to reward him by giving him for a wife a noble and beautiful sea maiden, Thetis, of whom you may remember to have heard.

So interested were the gods in this wedding that all the Mighty Ones were invited. We can imagine but faintly the wondrous beauty of the gowns, the sparkle of priceless gems, the glitter of

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crowns, and the sweetness of the music, the richness of the banquet and the grace of the dancing. But this charming scene was rudely interrupted by the jealousy and spite of a goddess whose presence at Olympus or upon the earth never failed to cause trouble and unhappiness. This was Eris, the Goddess of Discord.

Eris was angry because she had not been invited, and when the festivities were at their height she threw among the company a golden apple on which was written, "To the fairest." It was immediately claimed by three goddesses: Hera, the Queen of Heaven; Athene, the Goddess of Wisdom; and Aphrodite, the Queen of Love and Beauty.

Now, it is not strange that Aphrodite should claim it, but it is surprising that the Goddess of Wisdom should care so much about a mere toy, and it is certainly to be regretted that the Queen of Heaven should so far forget her dignity and power as to contend for so trifling a prize. But contend they did, and it is fortunate that we do not have to account for the ways of queens either on earth or on Olympus.

With Hera, his queen, and the other two his daughters, as claimants, Zeus could not be expected to decide the contest, and as no other god cared to perform so delicate a task, the three goddesses agreed to leave the decision to Paris, a supposed shepherd of Mount Ida, but really a prince of Troy.

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The three queens presented themselves before Paris, therefore, and each attempted to influence his decision by secretly bribing him. Hera said, "I will give you the power of heaven and the riches of earth," but perhaps she did not speak in very winning tones, or her face was too proud, for she was not given the apple. Athene said, "I will give you the wisdom of the earth and great glory in war." Now, Paris needed the wisdom very much, but he did not know it until it was too late, and so Athene was disappointed.

Aphrodite probably did not forget to touch her lips with water from the sweet spring that day, and to put on her magic girdle also. When she said, "If the apple is given to me, your wife shall be the most beautiful woman on earth," Paris no longer hesitated; the apple was hers.

How Paris afterward caused a terrible war is not for us to tell here, but we see why the Mighty Ones of Olympus should think this war belonged quite as much to them as to the Greeks and Trojans.

A STATUE OF PARIS

Paris was a son of Priam, King of Troy. His mother, Hecuba, was warned by a dream that this son would be the means of destroying the Trojan people. To prevent this, the king and queen commanded a servant to take the babe to the top of



PARIS — (Vatican, Rome)

THE APPLE OF DISCORD

Mount Ida and leave him there to die. This the servant did, but returning five days later, he found the child had been cared for by a bear. The servant believed that this meant that the child's life should be spared, and he gave him to a shepherd that he met there. The shepherd named the child Paris and reared him with care. He grew up to be a very strong and handsome man, and married C  none, a nymph. In their shepherd's hut on Mount Ida they lived for years in great content until Hermes brought to him the three goddesses, Hera, Athene and Aphrodite, to ask Paris to decide which should receive the apple of gold that had been thrown among the guests at the wedding of Thetis and Peleus by the Goddess of Discord.

In the picture of the statue we see Paris, in shepherd's dress, holding the apple in his hand, considering what decision he shall make. We know that Aphrodite finally received the apple and promised Paris, in return, the most beautiful woman in the world for a wife. Paris deserted his faithful C  none and stole Helen, the wife of the Greek king, Menelaus, and thus brought on a ten years' war between the Greeks and the Trojans. In this war the country of Troy was made desolate, and the members of the family of King Priam, including Paris himself, were killed.

The old statue from which our picture is copied is probably Greek, but we do not know the sculptor.

XV

ADONIS

APHRODITE took great pleasure in watching the conduct of all sorts of people when they were, or thought they were, under the control of love. Even the gods and goddesses were not free from its influence as directed by this beautiful queen, but she quite plumed herself that it never affected her or her son. It is strange, therefore, to learn what happened at one time to silence the proud boasting of this bewitching queen.

She was in her garden one day by the spring of sweet water sporting with Eros, who, as usual, had his bow and arrows with him, for it seemed he went nowhere without them. By a curious accident, Aphrodite was scratched by one of the silver arrows. She smiled in a superior way and said, "If that slight wound were on another, Eros, what strange antics might you and I not expect as a result! But on me it will soon heal."

Some time after, having almost forgotten the wound, she was traveling in some far eastern country, Chaldea, perhaps, when she noticed, as he was hunting, a young man by the name of Adonis. She was strangely affected by the sight. "How

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noble and how beautiful!" she said. He did indeed have both these qualities. But what is that to the Queen of Beauty? Indeed, it was much. She came to love him desperately.

Before this she had cared little for fields or forests, but now she went with Adonis everywhere on his hunts. She wished only to be with him and to protect him from harm. But, alas! one day he followed and wounded a wild boar, and unhappily came too near the enraged animal and was torn by its tusks.

When Aphrodite arrived in her chariot drawn by swans, Adonis was dying, and the entreaties of even a goddess could not save his life. "O Father Zeus," she prayed, "canst thou not control the Fates, those daughters of Night? Let Clotho hold the distaff more firmly, bid Atropos lay down those fatal scissors and Lachesis spin this thread of life of greater strength!"

But Zeus himself was helpless in such a case. Mournfully he remembered and thought aloud, "Ask me not; do I not remember my own much-loved son, Sarpedon? I dared not turn aside the spear of Patroclus to save even him," and Zeus lowered his head.

The grief of Aphrodite knew no bounds. She wandered alone through the forest until her flesh was torn and bleeding. One drop of her blood upon a rose, ever pure white before, turned it crimson, and the rose has since been known as the flower of love.

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The blood of Adonis reddened the ground, and there grew up a purple flower that loved the field and the play of the winds, as Adonis had done, and it was called the wind flower, or anemone.

The goddess thus decreed: "Annually the people, especially the women, shall meet in solemn festival in memory of Adonis and of my loss. On the first day shall his statue be carried in the streets, and on the second shall there be joy and brightness to commemorate the arrival of Adonis in the Isles of the Blessed." Thus was the festival established in the states of Greece and in many other lands.



XVI

ANCHISES AND ÆNEAS

ÆNEAS was a Trojan prince, the son of Anchises, and he fought valiantly for his city against the Greeks during the ten years' siege. When Troy was finally captured and burned, Æneas, with his wife, his son, and blind old father, escaped from the burning city. His wife became separated from him in their flight and could never be found. Æneas and his party reached the seashore where they were joined by others who had escaped from Troy and the party took ship to find a new home.

They visited many places, among them Sicily, where the aged Anchises died and was buried; also Carthage, whose queen, Dido, was so much pleased with Æneas that she urged him to make her city his new home. He would have done so had not Hermes come to remind him that his mission was to found a great nation, a nation that should become greatest of all and should overthrow Greece. Then he and his party went to Italy where his descendant, Romulus, founded Rome, and thus, through the descendants of Æneas, did Troy, at last, indirectly, conquer Greece.

XVII

EROS AND PSYCHE

APHRODITE was proud of her good looks and was jealous of any one whom she thought rivalled her in beauty. Her anger was especially provoked at one time by listening to the foolish chatter of men about a poor earth-born maiden. We shall learn about this in the story of Eros and Psyche.

There was once a king and queen who had three daughters. They lived in the days when it was thought a disgrace for daughters not to secure husbands. All these daughters had been well trained at home and all were beautiful, but the youngest, Psyche, was most beautiful. This made her older sisters feel envious, but as they had readily secured husbands they were, for a time at least, consoled by this for their lack of beauty.

But years went by and Psyche grew more lovely and she had many admirers to tell her so. It may be that even she became somewhat vain, but it is a pleasure to know that, on the whole, she was a very sweet and sensible girl.

There were many others not so sensible, and they became very foolish over Psyche's beauty.

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They said she was even more beautiful than Aphrodite, and erected altars for her worship. This all came to the knowledge of Aphrodite and made her very angry.

Now, it would seem as if a great queen who must borrow apples from Hera in order to retain her youth should not have thought that beauty alone was so very important, but no one can account for the actions of a beautiful, but angry queen. Perhaps, by mistake, she had touched her own lips with the bitter water.

However, Aphrodite determined to punish Psyche, and, calling Eros, said, "Take some of the waters of bitterness and your bluntest arrows and go to Psyche when she is asleep. Touch her lips with the water and her breast with one of the arrows and I think I shall hear no more of the praises that are so hateful to me."

In the meantime, Psyche's parents became much distressed because no husband came for the hand of their youngest daughter. The real reason for this was that the young men saw that they were not worthy of her. The king went to an oracle to ask what he should do and was told, "Prepare your daughter in every way to be the bride of a most noble and worthy husband. Then take her to a mountain top where the air is purest, the sunshine brightest, and where there are no clouds to interfere with the vision, and trust her to the gods." The father

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and mother did as the oracle commanded and there asleep on the mountain top Eros found her.

When, with wings as swift as thought, he started from Olympus, he had intended no disobedience to the commands of his mother. But with the real Psyche before him he seemed to hear a command more compelling than the one that had brought him to the mountain top. The bitter waters were thrown away, the arrows remained in their ivory quiver. His own lips had not been bathed in the wrong waters on that bright morning, for he said, "Thou art indeed love, and love is life and life *always*." He called Zephyr, the west wind, and had him carry Psyche gently to the garden of his own earthly palace.

There she awoke to a new world of beauty and wandered through the garden paths until she saw the palace and stepped timidly in. She saw no one, but she heard these words: "This palace belongs to you, to you and your husband. We are your servants, and obey even your unspoken wish. Your bath is ready and your room awaits you. When you are pleased to come to the banquet hall we will serve you." It took time for Psyche to make herself feel that all this was real.

Although it was necessary for Eros to be absent during the day, the life of Psyche and Eros was very beautiful. But Eros had made one request, which was, that for a time, she would not ask his



EROS AND PSYCHE — *Burne-Jones*

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name nor try to see his face ; in fact, she was to trust him entirely. This she readily promised, and this promise she would doubtless have kept but for the unhappy visit of her sisters.

It was quite natural that Psyche should wish to see her sisters, and perhaps she could not understand why her wiser husband should hesitate to give his consent. The sisters came and at once saw how much more delightfully Psyche was situated than they themselves were. We might think they would rejoice at their sister's good fortune, but they were not generous enough for that. Instead, they were envious and said, "What kind of a husband have you?"

Psyche replied, "He is all that I could possibly desire. See what he has done for me. How could I ask for more?"

"But how does he look?" they asked.

Then poor Psyche was obliged to confess she had not seen him. "Then," said they, "he is no honest man. He is some scoundrel that means to do you harm."

"But," said Psyche, "how can that be when he treats ——" The sisters interrupted, "He is deceiving you and in the end will bring you trouble. Or, it may be that he is some horrid monster who does not dare to show his face. Do not be so simple-minded, but the next time he comes have ready a lamp and a dagger — yes, a dagger. You need not

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tremble so, Psyche, for be sure he is some evil creature that some time means to take your life."

Psyche could no longer welcome her sisters. Fear had entered her heart and had taken the place of love. Her sisters returned to their homes, but the mischief they had done caused serious results. Psyche no longer dared confide her thoughts to her husband. Suspicion grew, until one fatal night she took her sisters' advice, and with a lamp in her left hand and a dagger in her right, she cautiously entered her husband's chamber while he was asleep. There she saw the beautiful God of Love, and she at once realized the shamefulness of her wicked conduct. Her trembling hand caused a drop of hot oil from her lamp to fall on the naked shoulder of Eros and he awoke. The look of love and regret that she saw upon his face brought despair to the heart of Psyche. He uttered no reproaches, but said, gently, "Love and suspicion dwell not under the same roof."

Psyche found herself alone—a loneliness made more desolate by having been caused by her own folly and wrong-doing. She had but one thought, and that was to find Eros and beg his forgiveness. She was willing to do anything that might in any way undo the misery she had caused. But, alas! such things can never be undone, as Psyche found to her sorrow.

She traveled the world over and sought the aid

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of the wisest, but no one could help her. Love is seldom found by the seeking. Hopeless, at last, she threw herself into a river to end her life, but the river god, kinder to her than she was to herself, gently tossed her upon the bank. Finally she said, "His mother must know, and if she will, she can tell me where to find my husband. I know she is justly angry with me, but it may be I can soften her heart."

So Psyche went to the angry mother and made known her errand. Aphrodite at first only frowned. Then she said, "How dare you present yourself here? You, who pretend to possess divine beauty! You, who can lure my son from me only to betray him! Why should you be told where he may be found? But you shall serve me and learn true reverence and humility. Go back to earth and you will be shown a great pile of grain composed of wheat, barley, peas, and millet. Take grain by grain until you have each kind in a pile by itself; and have it done before the sun rises tomorrow morning."

Psyche returned to earth to undertake the impossible task. Perhaps she was not altogether hopeless, for on her way she thought she saw the glimmer of shining wings, and though she did not dream that they could belong to Eros, she thought they might be the wings of Hope.

When she saw the vast heap of grain, despair filled

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her heart. But as she looked more closely she saw thousands of ants, all exceedingly busy. Some were carrying wheat, some barley, some peas and others millet. She saw that each kind was placed in its own proper pile. Success now seemed possible, and with her help the work was soon completed. Then she returned to the frowning Aphrodite and said, "The task is done." "Impossible!" cried Aphrodite, "you wish to deceive me." But, upon inquiry, the report was found true. "I will try you again," said the goddess. "Go where are kept my sheep that bear golden wool and bring me samples."

Psyche went her way and inquired the whereabouts of the pasture. Just before she reached it she heard a gentle whisper, "Beware the horns of those ill-natured sheep. Wait until they have eaten and have lain down to rest, then take the golden wool that hangs on the thorns and bushes."

She heard no more words, but she thought she detected the rustle of wings. She did as she was bid and soon placed the samples before Aphrodite. Psyche thought the face of the goddess did not look so unkindly. Aphrodite said quietly, "I do not understand this. Some Great One is helping you." Then a faint smile appeared on Psyche's lips.

Again she heard the goddess speaking, "One more task I have for you, and if that is faithfully performed I may tell you where Eros is to be found. Go to the goddess of the Lower World and get for

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me a box containing a powder that will produce perfect beauty and bring it to me unopened."

Psyche departed, but the smile upon her lips and the brightness in her face had gone. This task seemed more hopeless than either of the others. She came to the black river, Styx, but she had no fee for the surly old ferry-man, Charon. Just then she felt a touch, and in her hand lay the needed coin.

Thus the Styx was crossed and she soon found herself near the gateway of the great city below, where she could hear the snarl of the three-headed dog, Cerberus. "How can I, a mortal, pass this never-sleeping dog that guards the gate?" she thought, and then came again a touch accompanied by the gentlest of whispers, "Fear not, Psyche, the dog loves sweet-meats." And beside her lay the cake of which Cerberus was so fond. She tossed it to him, and he ate it and fell asleep. Then Psyche went on her way to the palace, but nearly forgot her errand, so absorbed was she in trying to remember if she had ever heard that mysterious voice before.

She obtained the box of Persephone, queen of the Lower World, and was making her way back to Olympus, when she became so weary that she lay down to rest, and probably fell sound asleep. She could never quite make it out herself, but the faithful Eros came and took her in his arms to the great white throne of Zeus and frankly explained

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"This is Psyche, my wife, who, though erring, is deserving of all love and trust."

Zeus smiled on them and gave Psyche the ambrosia of the gods, saying, "Live with the Immortals. Love and life should be immortal."

Next they went to the mother, Aphrodite, confessing all, and she was reconciled. The Graces dropped roses in their path, the Muses sang, the bells of heaven rang, and even Aphrodite danced at the second, the heavenly, wedding of Eros and Psyche.

A PICTURE OF EROS AND PSYCHE

By Sir Edward Burne-Jones (1833-1898)

No Greek myth is more beautiful or more full of meaning than that of Eros and Psyche. Poor Psyche was not to blame because there were foolish men to rave over her beauty and build altars for her worship, yet it was against her, and not against the men, that the wrath of Aphrodite was kindled.

You have just learned that the angry Aphrodite sent her son Eros to punish Psyche on the mountain top, where she had been taken by her parents. He found the maiden in bridal array, asleep on a couch of leaves, but love made it impossible for Eros to obey his mother's commands. Instead, he stood spellbound by Psyche's loveliness.

The artist, Burne-Jones, has represented Eros

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when he finds Psyche asleep in the palace to which Zephyr had borne her, and we have an impressive picture of a sincere and manly love. Many artists in both ancient and modern times have tried to represent different scenes from this story, but none has selected more happily or succeeded better than the artist whose picture is here shown.

The family of Burne-Jones lived in Wales and was in no way noted. The most distinguished member was the great-grandfather of the artist, who was a hard-worked schoolmaster, whose first name, even, no one can now remember.

Edward was born in busy Birmingham and there attended school, and very early came to love the study of Greek and Latin. He was sent to Exeter College to prepare him to take orders in the church. One of his college chums was William Morris, another lad of Welsh blood who later became a famous designer.

While in college Edward read a small volume of poems in which he found an illustration that seemed to him to open a new world. Upon inquiry he found that the illustration had been drawn by the artist, Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He decided that at any cost he would see Rossetti, and to that end he journeyed to London where the artist had his studio. He talked with Rossetti, and when requested, timidly showed him some of his drawings. Rossetti advised him to leave college and begin the study of art at

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once. He returned to Oxford, and after talking with his friend Morris, decided to remain no longer in school, although he could have finished his course in about seven months.

Once started on his career as an artist he never wavered. The themes he loved best were those that possessed delicate, yet powerful spiritual meaning, such as the Nibelungenlied, Chaucer's Tales, the stories of King Arthur's Round Table and many of the Greek myths. Among the last-named are "The Hours," "Pygmalion and the Image," "Perseus and the Grææ" and a series from Eros and Psyche, one of which is here given.

A PICTURE OF CHARON AND PSYCHE

By Emil Neide (1843-

Let us think again of the last trial of the unhappy Psyche. Aphrodite was not yet willing to trust her, but sent her to Persephone, the queen of the kingdom of the dead, to obtain a powder capable of producing perfect beauty. The task seemed to Psyche impossible, and hopelessly she started on her journey. How could she, a lonely girl, ever cross the dark Styx or pass through the gateway guarded by the surly, three-headed dog, into the city of the dead! Yet the faithful Eros followed her unseen. It was Eros who dropped into her hand the coin to pay Charon his fee for ferrying

PSYCHE FERRIED ACROSS THE STYX BY CHARON — *Emil Neide*
(Königsburg Museum)



CHARON AND PSYCHE

her over the Styx. It was Eros again who gave her the cake which could quiet Cerberus at the gateway. She found Persephone and obtained the precious powder, and we see her in the picture on her return, sitting in Charon's boat holding in her hand the box. Her face is sad, for she does not yet know that faithful Eros and the sweet music of heaven await her. She is not using those delicate wings which are soon to unfold in an immortal life. Charon, sturdy but very gentle, is ferrying her back to the land of the living. The picture carries out the spirit of the story, and it seems as if the artist must have stood just behind the tree watching Psyche's safe return.

Emil Neide was born in 1843, in the old "City of the King," called Königsburg, in Germany. There he went to school and studied painting. Later he studied in other German cities and then traveled in various countries, among them Italy.

He was impressed, as many other artists have been, by the beauty of the Greek myths. When he was thirty years old, he painted "Psyche Conveyed Across the Styx by Charon," and this picture is now in the museum of his native town. More than twenty-five years ago, he became a teacher of art in the Academy of Königsburg and there he still lives and paints.

XVIII

APOLLO

THE tales told of some of the gods by the people in different parts of Greece did not always agree, but concerning Apollo there is little variation; hence, we think he must have been widely worshipped and greatly loved.

Apollo and his twin sister, Artemis, were children of the goddess, Leto. Hera, it seems, became angry at Leto and determined she should no longer live on Olympus; hence, Leto went in search of some suitable place on earth. This was no easy task, for, when she found what would please her, the people so feared Hera that they did not dare to welcome Leto and her children.

At last she saw the beautiful island of Delos floating in the sea, and decided to make it her home. Both she and her children were very thirsty, and she went to a clear lake for water. Some rude people of the island tried to prevent her from reaching the lake, and finally, when they saw she was very determined, they waded into the water and stirred up the dirt and sand from the bottom. She begged

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of them, "Do not so. See these little ones reaching their tiny hands for water. At least, pity them."

But the people only laughed and called to her in rough, coarse voices, while they dug still deeper into the bottom of the lake. Then Leto prayed, "O kind Zeus, if not for my sake, punish them for their wicked conduct toward these suffering little ones!"

When they next tried to call back to her, they could utter no words. Harsh sounds came from their mouths, and at last they could only croak. Their bodies shrank, and their hands and feet became webbed, but no great change was needed in their natures to make them love the slime of the pools and lakes, and become frogs.

Zeus now anchored the island securely in the sea and here Apollo and Artemis were nursed and cared for not only by their mother, but also by the goddesses Rhea and Aphrodite and the sea-maidens, Dione and Thetis. It was Thetis who fed them ambrosia and made them immortal.

Immediately after receiving this food, though but a babe, Apollo could both walk and talk, and he showed his love for music by reaching out his hand for a rude lyre that he saw.

One of his teachers was the wise old man, Chiron, of whom we have already heard, and it may be surmised that, in wandering through cultivated fields, the gardens and the groves about the

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cave in which this kindly and thoughtful teacher lived, Apollo gained an insight into the many wonders worked daily by the sun.

Chiron it was, or some other divine teacher, that walked with him at night under the stars, when he saw and felt their mystery and tried to conceive of some power that could be sufficient to keep all these worlds in orderly motion. Finally, he thought that each star and world produced a musical tone as it moved, that it had a song quite its own, and that each was in perfect harmony with all the others. He thought that this produced a mighty volume of music through the entire world, and that this power of music kept them all moving. He became much interested in the orderly movements of the starry worlds and he had the deepest faith in the power of music. Later, he himself became the greatest musician of the mighty company on Olympus.

But he learned somewhere, some time, the value of gentle benevolence and of sympathy for others. Was it while living among men that he saw much suffering among them and thought that it should be lessened? However this may be, he became the god of healing, and taught the art to his son, Asclepius, and many sick people were brought to him to be healed. In fact, Asclepius was so successful that some evil-minded persons began to denounce this kindly disposed man who was doing much good work.

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Some people say that Hades, the god who ruled the Lower World, complained to Zeus that Asclepius had raised the dead, which was such a violation of the law that Zeus felt obliged to hurl his thunderbolts at the good physician and kill him. But it is more than probable that the mischief was caused by narrow-minded and ignorant people.

Asclepius had two daughters, of whose names, at least, everybody has heard. One was called *Hygeia*, who tried to teach people how they should live so as to prevent sickness. The other was *Panacea*, who spent her life trying to find some one medicine that would cure all diseases.

When Apollo had gained wisdom and strength on earth, he climbed to the top of Mount Parnassus and was taken in a chariot of light to Mount Olympus, where the gods rejoiced greatly at his coming. The Graces danced with their companions, the Hours, and the nine Muses sang, led by Apollo himself. It was decreed that Apollo should be the god to control the sun; that he should preside over the powers of healing and of prophecy — the fortelling of future events. He was also made the god of music and of oratory.

To care for all this would certainly require a wise god, and would keep him busy. One of the things given Apollo to aid in his work was a silver bow which, like the bow of Eros, never missed its aim. With this bow was supplied two kinds of arrows,—

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one kind sharp-pointed, causing instant death to wrong-doers, whom, with the help of the sunlight he controlled, Apollo could easily find. The other kind was made of softer material, and the blunt points of these arrows, sent with a less powerful pull of the bowstring, brought merciful death to men who were old and feeble, and suffering for want of care.

LETO AND HER CHILDREN

A painting by Peter Paul Rubens

This picture shows Leto and her two children beside a pool of clear water, on the island of Delos, trying to quench their thirst and her own, while some coarse and evil-minded men stir up the mud from the bottom of the pool. She has traveled far and is weary, yet these men will not let her drink. While Apollo clings to her left arm and Artemis timidly peeps from her right shoulder, her face is turned up toward Zeus, asking that punishment shall overtake her tormentors. They do not seem to know it, but we can see that Leto's prayer is already being answered, for the face of the farther man is already that of a frog and we are certain that, soon, the change will be complete, and that both of the wicked men will be compelled to live in the slime.

Perhaps we shall enjoy the picture more if we know something of the man who painted it. Many



LEDA AND HER CHILDREN — *Peter Paul Rubens*

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years ago, the country we now call Belgium was a part of Flanders. The principal city of Flanders was Antwerp. One of the bright lawyers of Antwerp was John Rubens who was in the employ of William of Orange, then defending the Dutch against the armies of the Spanish Emperor.

While Rubens and his wife were in Westphalia in 1577, a son was born on the 29th of June, a day on which was commemorated the death of the Apostles Peter and Paul, and for that reason the child was given the name Peter Paul.

Peter Paul early showed a love for drawing and he was sent to the best teachers of art to be found in Antwerp. So successful was he, that, by the time he was twenty-one, he was recognized as a master of art, and was permitted by Flemish law to have pupils of his own.

When Rubens was twenty-three he went to Italy. His first work was in Venice, where he studied and copied the great painters. Here he became the friend of an officer of the court of the Duke of Mantua, and by him was induced to go to that city in order to meet the Duke, who was a patron of art.

Rubens soon was made a member of the Duke's household and employed by him to execute many paintings. At last he was sent to Rome, where he studied classic art, from which he painted several pictures, among them "Leto and her Children."

While still working for the Duke of Mantua, with

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a great amount of unfinished work before him, he learned of the illness of his mother. He left everything and started for Antwerp, but, unhappily, did not arrive until some days after his mother's death. He was inconsolable, and for a time he did not paint.

But he knew that this was unwise, and forced himself to go about his work. He painted many canvases for the city of Antwerp, the most noted of which is his "Descent from the Cross," in the Antwerp Cathedral.

He never ceased work to the day of his death, in 1640, and was always full of the joy of living and the love of his art.

APOLLO OF THE BELVEDERE

One of the noted palaces in the world is the Vatican, which belongs to the Pope at Rome. In this palace is located a series of art galleries, containing a famous collection of paintings and statuary.

In one of these galleries, called the Belvedere, is a statue of Apollo, perhaps the finest piece of sculpture now known. It was found about three hundred years ago near the old town of Antium, a favorite resort of the emperors in the old days, and situated but a short distance from Rome. It is a copy of a Greek statue in bronze. When found, the left hand was gone and the right hand somewhat broken. Both have been restored by sculptors in accordance with



APOLLO BELVEDERE — (Vatican, Rome)

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their best knowledge. No one knows certainly what was held in the left hand. It may have been his silver bow, from which the god had just discharged one of his arrows at some evil-doer; or it may have been the ægis, at the sight of which the enemies of the god have been turned to stone. In either case, the attitude expresses triumph over wrong and a touch of contempt for evil-doers.

The style of workmanship on this statue is so like that of the statue of Artemis of Versailles that the original may have been done by the same Greek artist.

There are other statues of Apollo in the Vatican, and the number of memorials of this favorite god erected throughout the ancient Grecian world was large.

A remarkable statue of the sun god was at the entrance to a harbor on the island of Rhodes. This statue, made of brass, and called one of the Seven Wonders of the World, stood with one foot on either side of the entrance of the harbor, and was over a hundred feet high. An earthquake destroyed it, and it was finally broken up and sold. One hundred and twenty camels were needed to carry away the fragments.

XIX

THE PYTHON

IN visiting the earth after he had been received on Olympus, Apollo found that a deadly serpent called a python had taken up its abode at the foot of Mount Parnassus, and that the people were suffering from the effects of its poisonous breath and dying from its bite. Apollo determined to kill the python and leave the rays of the sun to purify the air and make the place wholesome. After a fierce battle, the serpent was destroyed by one of Apollo's sharp pointed arrows.

The people rejoiced greatly at their deliverance and brought offerings to Apollo, and decided that his victory over the python should be kept in remembrance by establishing a festival in honor of the god. Apollo is said to have been present in person at the first festival and to have awarded the prizes, which were wreaths of laurel. Since the games were to be held in remembrance of the killing of the python, they were called the Pythian games, and they occurred near the city of Delphi once in four years. There was a hippodrome for the chariot races and a stadium for the other races.

THE PYTHON

They were much like the Olympic games, which will be described more fully hereafter.

The people who had been delivered from the scourge of the python were not content to establish merely a festival of games in honor of Apollo, but wished to build a temple where they might receive through an oracle the words of their god. This temple they desired to build at the very center of the earth's surface, and they applied to the all-powerful Zeus to help them find this spot. In answer to their prayer, Zeus sent two eagles, one to the farthest eastern bounds of the earth and the other to the farthest western, directing that they should fly toward each other. They met at a place called Delphi, and at this point a temple in honor of Apollo was built.

A curious thing was noticed by some shepherds who pastured their goats at the foot of Parnassus. When these goats reached a certain place they began to skip and caper in a strange way, and when the shepherds came to the same spot they themselves acted quite as strangely as the goats had done. At this place smoke and fumes were seen to rise from a crevice in the earth. This the people thought must be the breath of the god, waiting to have wise men give it voice. They understood this to be a sign that they were to place at Delphi both a temple and an oracle.

The first temple was made by interlacing the

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boughs of laurel brought from the Vale of Tempe (Valley of the Peneus River) and taken from that first and sacred laurel-tree which grew up where Daphne disappeared when she was pursued by Apollo. Later a temple of white marble was built and people came with rich gifts, not only from all the states of Greece, but from Egypt, Rome and other countries, to worship Apollo and to receive the wise words believed to be spoken by his oracle.

These gifts to the temple became numerous and valuable, so that the treasure amounted to many millions of dollars. Several rich men built separate treasure-houses, in each of which was placed only the gifts of the builder. In order to have some idea of the wealth thus accumulated in the temple it may be mentioned that a reckless Greek general, Philomelus of Phocis, once broke into the treasure-room of this temple and took from it gold, silver and gems worth more than ten million dollars.

The oracle spoke through the mouth of its priestess, called the Pythia. She sat upon a high seat supported by three legs, called a tripod, which was placed over the crevice in the earth from which the vapors came. There, on certain days only, she could be consulted. The Pythia was selected with great care and was held in the highest respect, and was required to maintain a purity deserving that respect.

Before going to the temple she was required to bathe in the fountain of Castalia. This was not alone

THE PYTHON

for bodily purity, but was a spiritual symbol. Nor need this be thought either strange or unreasonable. The waters of the fountain were from the pure snows that fell on the top of Parnassus, the mountain made sacred by the touch of Apollo's feet. The snow was melted by the warmth of the sun's rays, and spread in a foaming, rainbow-crowned cataract in the sacred valley below. Delphi grew to be a large city, containing riches and art treasures. At one time there were crowded into its houses and streets more than three thousand statues.

Temples were built and altars erected to Apollo in all the cities of Greece, and he was universally loved and worshipped by her people. This is shown not only by the number and richness of the temples, but also by the beauty of the statues made in his honor.



XX

HELIOS AND CLYTIE

THE ancient Greeks believed that the chariot of the sun was driven daily across the sky by Apollo. They thought that sometimes he was assisted in this part of his labors by Helios, whom they called Apollo's charioteer.

It was Helios who owned the oxen that pastured on the island of Sicily. Ulysses, during his wanderings, landed on this island, and his companions killed some of the oxen. Helios was so angered by this that he made complaint to Zeus, and threatened to carry the light of the sun to the kingdom of the dead, if these reckless men were not punished. Zeus sent his thunderbolts and wrecked the ship on which Ulysses and his companions were sailing, and all on board except Ulysses perished.

It is with Helios that the myth of Clytie is connected. Clytie was a nymph of the sea, and lived in a beautiful cave under the waters. She traveled in a large and many colored shell drawn by two shining fishes. Within certain limits, she was permitted to go quite alone and she greatly enjoyed her freedom.

CLYTIE

Clytie's home was set with the largest and brightest gems that the bountiful sea could furnish, and it must have been quite dazzling in its splendor. Her food was choice enough to satisfy the daintiest palate, and her dress of many folds of sea-green silk floated out on the water in a most bewitching fashion. A necklace of white pearls adorned her breast, and a band of red coral encircled her head like a crown, while her golden hair streamed out behind as she floated through the waters. Moreover, her heart was as pure as her form was beautiful.

In her journeying one day, she was quite startled to see above her a brightness of which she had never before dreamed. Everything was aglow. When she had recovered a little from her first surprise she began to feel the exquisite beauty of it all, and she wondered what produced it. It was all a mystery to her, but its strangeness and greatness gave her a feeling of deep joy, though touched with a fear sufficient to send her back to her home.

When she arrived at her own chamber, she could think undisturbed. Her home and all her personal belongings were beautiful, but when compared with the glorious light of the sun they seemed common indeed.

Again she journeyed in the direction of her former adventure. She went further, and discovered far above the waters the golden glory from whence proceeded the wonderful light. Many times she

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went to admire, and finally to worship. Her joy and her longing both increased, and one day she got out of her sea-shell and sat on the yellow sands of a green coast, the better to see the sun, and to feel the warmth of its beams.

Day after day she repeated this, with a constantly increasing happiness in life. The kindly king, or god, of this new Upper World looked down with love and satisfaction on the changed and happy Clytie. He said to his attendant seasons, "Would that all might thus find the beauty and the greatness in the world that lies above them! This nymph was born to the waters and the caves of the sea, but now she really lives only in the world of air and light, amidst the flowers and their fragrance, the birds and their music, and she ever turns her face toward the light of the world. I will change her into a flower whose looks and actions shall remind men of this lovely nymph, Clytie, ever turning her gaze towards the sun."

Thus came the sunflower, to stand as a type of loyalty and devotion to the source of light and life.

XXI

PHAETHON

PERHAPS Helios is better known to us by the story told of his son, Phaethon, than for anything that he himself did. This son was earth-born, and therefore mortal, his mother, Clymene, being a sea-nymph. It is to be feared that this boy had not been wisely reared, but we learn that Aphrodite favored him and made him keeper of one of the temples. This is not strange when we remember that Clymene, his mother, and Aphrodite were sisters. But it is quite certain that such attention turned his head. He boasted constantly that it was ichor, the fluid that ran in the veins of the gods, and not mere blood, that nourished his body. "My father is the divine Helios," said the vain Phaethon.

Now when one begins to depend on some one else for his greatness and not on his own efforts, it is safe to predict his fall. The other young men about the temple questioned the parentage of which Phaethon boasted, and laughed at his vanity.

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Nothing is so unpleasant for a vain person to hear as ridicule, so Phaethon went to his mother for consolation. She did not seem to think that it would be wiser for her boy to spend his time in doing some good work rather than in boasting of his father's greatness, but she suggested that the great Palace of the Sun was just adjoining the world of waters, and said that he might go there and claim his birthright.

The Palace of the Sun was the work of that great artist, Hephæstus. It was supported by immense columns, polished and set off with gems; the ceilings were of ivory and the entrance-way of silver. Helios sat upon a throne of gold, with the Months and the Seasons for attendants, while on his head he wore a brilliant crown of light.

When Phaethon spoke, Helios laid aside his crown that his son might approach. The welcome was most affectionate, and Helios took an oath by the dark river Styx that he would grant to Phaethon his dearest wish. Phaethon at once said, "I wish some token by which all the people of earth may know that I am your son. Let me, for one day, drive the golden chariot."

This filled the father with surprise and the deepest regret. "Such a wish from any earth-born," he said, "I never anticipated, but I must not break my oath. Take back your presumptuous wish. The task is too great. It was not meant for any mortal.

PHAETHON

The horses are fiery and impatient, and the way is difficult. I tremble to consider what disasters might occur if the road were not followed."

The easy confidence with which Phaethon replied leaves no doubt that he was of the earth, for ignorance and inexperience ever answer so: "I can drive those steeds. Have I not watched the races at the Hippodrome? My eyes are quite as good as yours. I shall not lose the way."

Bound by his oath, Helios permitted his pretentious son to take the reins.

Quick were those matchless steeds to learn that the strength and experience of their master were not guiding them. Upward they dashed until the stars quivered in the unwonted heat, and then the chariot plunged earthward. The mountains smoked, lakes and rivers were dried up, every living thing was parched, and vast deserts were made. Even the ocean god, Poseidon, covered his face with the waters to protect it from the fierce heat.

And now the repentant son had learned how weak he was, and cried out to his mother, "Oh, help me! Why did I not heed the advice of my father before it was too late?" The thunderbolts of Zeus sent the foolish youth headlong to his death, and Helios resumed the reins.

The sisters of Phaethon, sitting on the river bank, mourned, and their tears, as they dropped, were changed to amber.

XXII

ADMETUS

ASCLEPIUS received instruction not only from Chiron, but from his father, Apollo, as well. He was taught, especially, the art of healing men. So successful was he in this, that he was reported to have brought the dead to life and for that Zeus sent his thunderbolts to destroy him, as we have already learned. Apollo loved his son and grieved for him, but he also thought his death a great injustice, and this angered him. He knew that the thunderbolt that killed Asclepius was forged by the Cyclopes, so he shot his silver arrows at them.

This angered his father, Zeus, who thundered his reproofs at Apollo. "Art thou wiser than the all-seeing Zeus, and canst thou not await justice at his hands? For this presumption will I punish thee until thou knowest true humility. For a year thou shalt serve some mortal as a slave." Apollo bowed his head to the will of Zeus.

After Apollo had been sentenced to one year's slavery for his rashness in presuming to mete out justice to the world instead of leaving it to the great Zeus, he sought out Admetus, king of Thessaly,

ADMETUS

who was one of the company that went with Jason in search of the Golden Fleece.

One day, the king was met by a stalwart young laborer, a stranger, who requested, as a favor, that he might serve the king for a year in any capacity that he desired. The face of the stranger was so pleasant and kindly, and his manner so agreeable, that the king consented and set his new servant to watch his flocks. The other servants told Admetus wonderful tales of the new shepherd. They said that the cattle and sheep seemed to thrive, and that they followed him everywhere. They said, also, that strains of beautiful music were heard, but the king paid little attention to these stories. He liked his new herdsman, who did his work faithfully, and they frequently talked together.

In these conversations, without intending to do so, but led to it by the intelligence and sympathy of his new servant, the king let it be known that he greatly loved Alcestis, daughter of Pelias, king of Iolchas, and that she returned his affection, but that her father refused to consider any suitor for his daughter's hand except one who should come to him in a chariot drawn by a lion and a boar. Now such a team was quite as uncommon in those days as it would be in these, so that the suit of Admetus seemed altogether hopeless.

To the surprise of the king, his herdsman said, "I will furnish you the team if you will permit."

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It is not to be supposed that the king would refuse such an offer, although he certainly had no more hope of seeing the promise fulfilled than any one of us would have had if we had been in his place.

The new servant went into the forest and soon met a lion. But strange to say, the lion, instead of displaying fierceness, acted as if it had met a much-loved master. A boar that the shepherd met behaved in an equally strange way. They followed the herdsman back to the palace and permitted themselves to be placed in harness before a shining chariot.

Excited servants told the king what had happened. He was not long in making his appearance, and there he saw the promised team attached to a new and beautiful chariot and standing in it, as charioteer, a tall and powerful man that looked something like his new servant, yet did not seem the same. The charioteer assured the king that he was now ready to take him as a suitor for the hand of Alcestis. Admetus did not wait, but like the true lover that he was, mounted the chariot at once and started upon his journey.

There was great commotion in the courtyard of King Pelias when it was reported that a suitor for Alcestis had arrived in a chariot drawn by a lion and a boar. Of course, the king would not believe it until he had seen with his own eyes, but when he found it really true, he could no longer object to

ADMETUS

the suit of Admetus. So the princess Alcestis and King Admetus were soon married, and, we have reasons for thinking, deserved all the joy that their friends wished for them.

King Admetus was not the kind of man to forget service like this, and the new herdsman was greatly honored by both Admetus and Alcestis. Their happiness seemed complete, yet it was not unwise for Admetus to think of the future. He asked his servant if any provision could be made by which, in case of sickness, he could be relieved from the possibility of death, and the servant said, "I will seek an answer to that question from the god Apollo through his favorite oracle."

Some time later he said to King Admetus, "The Fates have decreed that you may be spared death on condition that some one else consents to die in your stead." When the king thought of the large number of people who professed to love him so dearly, he felt entirely at ease about the future.

When the year of the herdsman's service came to an end, the king wished to retain him. He was about to speak to him on the subject, when, instead of his servant, he beheld a nobleman, wearing the helmet and plumes of a warrior and covered with golden armor. In his hand he held a silver bow and a golden quiver of arrows hung at his back.

The king showed his great surprise and this was the explanation he heard: "Yes, King Admetus, I

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am the God of the Silver Bow, condemned, for my presumption, to a year of service among men. I have tried to serve you faithfully, and I have learned from you and your people how pleasant it is to render others good service."

There was a rolling of wheels, a flashing of golden colors from a chariot, the prancing of horses, and he was gone. "True nobility cannot long be hidden," said Admetus, as he turned to his lovely Alcestis.



XXIII

DAPHNE

APOLLO had recently killed the deadly python and that, you will remember, was his first great battle. His silver bow was new and powerful. He should be forgiven, then, if he felt somewhat exalted and thought highly of himself. It was at this time that he noticed the lad Eros with his bow and ivory quiver and he said to him with a haughty air, "What have you, saucy boy, to do with weapons of war? Leave them for stronger and more worthy hands."

Eros was, on the whole, a good-natured and delightful lad, but he did not relish either the words or the tone of Apollo. He thought a lesson in humility might not be amiss for even the Lord of the Silver Bow, and perhaps to have it taught by a "saucy boy" might further impress the lesson. Very quietly Eros took from his quiver a sharp-pointed arrow and sent it at Apollo, and then aimed one tipped with lead at the beautiful maiden Daphne, who was wandering by the river Peneus in the Vale of Tempe.

Apollo soon saw the maiden and was much pleased with her. The more he saw of her the

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stronger became his liking. He determined to approach her. Daphne who saw him coming was afraid and fled. Apollo followed, and now, no doubt, felt that he loved her. He called, "Daphne, do not fear, I will not harm you."

These words from a stranger only added to her fear and she quickened her pace. That must have been a chase to be remembered! Eros, nicely hidden, laughed in the satisfaction of his good-natured revenge.

But it is not to be supposed that Daphne, a maiden, could outrun the fleet Apollo. She soon saw it was impossible to escape and she called to the river god, "O Father Peneus, help me!" Nor was her prayer in vain. A friendly cloud enveloped the maiden, and when it disappeared, even the eyes of Apollo could not find her. He had time now to reflect, "How thoughtless and foolish of me! Naturally Daphne would think so rash a course could mean nothing but harm to her. It was womanly in her to try to escape. So should she guard her virtue and her worth. I shall always love her the more sincerely for it."

And now he saw what before he had not noticed. Where Daphne disappeared there stood a beautiful laurel-tree. After a moment, Apollo said, "Hereafter the laurel shall be sacred to the memory of Daphne and all true maidenhood. It shall be used about my temples and wreaths of its branches

DAPHNE

shall be given the winners in all contests in my honor."

Not only was this done, but in many Greek cities, especially at Thebes, there was held once in nine years a great festival in honor of Daphne. The procession was headed by a lad who was chosen priest each year, and was called the Bay-bearer. He was chosen from one of the best families, and was strong and handsome. His sunny hair was long and a golden crown was on his head. He wore a magnificent robe that reached down to his feet and he carried a branch of laurel. Behind him came a maiden choir followed by a great number of boys, each bearing laurel branches.

In this procession was also carried an olive-tree; to show that Zeus was not forgotten; but intertwined with its boughs were branches and flowers of laurel. The lower part of this tree was surrounded by a purple veil, inside of which were suspended brass globes to represent the sun and planets. Within the same enclosure were hung three hundred and sixty-five purple garlands.

To still further honor this event in the life of Apollo, the people of Delphi, once in nine years, selected a lad, called the Sacred Boy, and sent him to the Vale of Tempe, to get boughs from the laurel-tree. This boy was also called Bay-bearer, and on his return was received with great joy by a chorus of maidens.

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THE PICTURE OF DAPHNE AND APOLLO

By Francesco Albani (1578-1660)

In this picture we see Apollo following and pleading with Daphne to stop, and we imagine that queer old god, Pan, may be just out of sight, at the left, behind the laural-tree with his friendly cloud; while at the right we see the smiling, mischievous Cupid, who caused it all.

This picture was painted by Francesco Albani, son of a silk merchant of Bologna, Italy. His father wished his son to become a merchant, but Francesco loved nothing so well as art, and his father, at last, consented to have him placed in the studio of a painter. With this artist at that time was Guido Reni, a lad who afterward became famous. For many years these two young men were great friends, each helping the other by a good-natured rivalry.

While still a young man, Albani went to Rome, and there opened a studio. He was greatly pleased by the Greek myths as they were told by Ovid, and he painted many pictures to illustrate them.

Albani had a pleasant home in the city of Bologna, with a wife and twelve children who became his models. Here he spent his later years, always happy in his work in which he continued until he was nearly eighty-two years old.

DAPHNE AND APOLLO—*Francesco Albani*



XXIV

HYACINTHUS

APOLLO'S love for human society and his sorrow at their misfortunes are shown in the story of Hyacinthus. This young man was a favorite of the god. The lyre was often left untouched that Apollo might go fishing and hunting with his friend, a prince not unworthy of such favor.

One day, when the two were tired of hunting, they began a game of quoits. It was Apollo's throw and the quoit went swiftly toward the goal. Hyacinthus, eager for his cast, stood so near that the quoit bounded and struck him with great force. Apollo quickly ran to the help of his friend, but the hurt was fatal. The sympathy, the sorrow, and even the prayers of the great god Apollo were powerless to save the life of his friend. He grieved deeply, and finally, at the command of the god, there sprang up a beautiful purple flower, named in honor of Hyacinthus and given us to suggest how the tenderest and most sincere love for man may dwell in the heart of a god.

XXV

ARISTÆUS

PEOPLE of today obtain all kinds of confections so easily and cheaply that they can hardly understand the great value that people of ancient days placed on honey, their one and only sweet. The Greeks believed that Apollo had placed honey in the flowers, and had instructed his son Aristæus to teach men the proper care of bees. The story of Aristæus is very interesting.

When he grew to be a young man, he became much charmed with a beautiful woman, Eurydice. Whether he really annoyed her with his attentions seems hard to learn. Be that as it may, Eurydice believed herself to be pursued, and in trying to escape, she ran through a meadow in which there lurked a snake that bit her. She died from the poison of the bite. The grief thus caused must be told in another tale.

Aristæus was interested in cattle and insects, especially in bees. He found many swarms in hollow trees and learned their peculiar ways and how to handle them, something that might well be thought to require divine teaching. After he had procured

many swarms and believed himself ready to produce a good deal of honey, the bees all died and he could find no cause.

He went to his mother, Cyrene, a sea-nymph, to ask what he should do. The waters opened to let him pass and his mother and her sea friends gave him a banquet of sea dainties before she explained, "There is a wise Old Man of the Sea, called Proteus, a great favorite of Poseidon, who has charge of his sea-calves, or seals. All nymphs have great respect for his wisdom. He knows the past and can see far into the future. Go to him, but bear in mind that he never answers questions if he can avoid it. He can assume any shape he pleases and sometimes he seems most frightful and dangerous, but if you have the courage to seize and hold him fast, he will answer your inquiry." She then sprinkled nectar in blessing over her son and he was surprised at the added strength and hope it gave him.

Aristæus hid himself in a cave by the sea, until Proteus came out on the warm sand and lay down for his midday nap. As soon as the Old Man of the Sea had fallen asleep Aristæus grasped him firmly, and immediately a scorching flame seemed to encircle him, but he remembered his mother's words and held fast; then a flood of water was about to swallow him up, still he remembered and held on; then a wild beast appeared, threatening to tear him in pieces with teeth and claws, but

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he did not loosen his grip. Proteus then assumed his proper form and asked, "What would you have with me, bold youth? I assume these various forms only to test your sincerity. Those who yield their hold are but triflers."

Aristæus answered, "That you know already. My bees are all dead and I seek the aid of your wisdom to tell me the reason, and especially do I wish to know what the gods would have me do to make me acceptable in their sight."

The Old Man of the Sea paused before he made answer: "Your folly caused the death of the pure-minded, sweet-hearted Eurydice, and the sea-nymphs wish her death avenged. Bring four of the most perfect oxen you can find and offer them on four different altars which you shall erect in some leafy grove. Then pay proper funeral honors to Eurydice and her husband, and after nine days come again."

After Aristæus had done as he was told he returned and found a swarm of bees occupying a cavity in an unburnt part of one of the oxen. He watched them awhile, and they finally permitted him to carry them to his home and place them in a hive where he could care for them. Thus Aristæus became again the Bee-keeper.

XXVI

APOLLO AND THE LYRE

HERMES, son of Zeus, was a remarkable child. Handsome and strong he was, of course. That would be expected. But it is what he knew and could do, all untaught, that was most surprising. The first day of his life he clambered out of his cradle and toddled down to the sea-beach near by and found a cast-off shell. Then he pulled up grasses and fastened them across it so cunningly, that when he breathed over them or touched them as he knew how to do, the result was sweet music.

But this was not all that he did on the first day of his life. On the way back to his mother's cave he saw some of Apollo's white cows. He thought it would be great sport to hide them and see what his big brother would do. He gathered fifty of them, and, to disguise their tracks, he put shoes made of twigs on their feet. To make the task of finding them more troublesome, he forced them to go backward into a cave, where he fastened them securely. When this was done he clambered into his cradle again. But the day was not yet finished.

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While this baby played on his newly-made lyre Apollo was hunting for his missing cows. No one of whom he inquired had seen them, until he met a very old man, who, in reply to Apollo's questions, said, "It seems to me I did. Were they all white?" "Yes," answered Apollo. "Then," said he, "I'm sure I saw them. They were driven by the strangest little fellow, fat and roguish, but a mere baby." "I know who is making the trouble," said Apollo. He knew but a part of the tricks of this day-old baby.

He went directly to the cave of Maia, the mother of Hermes, saying to himself on the way, "I'll put a stop to this mischief at once. And that youngster, born only this morning! But I'll teach him a lesson." As he was about to enter the cave he heard sounds of sweet music, and he stopped to listen. Apollo had reason to think that he was something of a musician himself. He had heard the music of the spheres, and had led the Muses in their songs on Olympus; but what he now heard was sweeter than any music that he had ever listened to before, and it moved him strangely. He forgot his anger and entered the cave, finding the little Hermes sitting innocently in his cradle with a sea shell in his hands.

In gentle tones Apollo asked, "What music did I hear as I entered?" Hermes held up his shell. "Will you play for me again?" said Apollo. Hermes did so, and his brother was convinced. "Teach me,"



APOLLO MUSAGETES

APOLLO AND THE LYRE

begged Apollo. "What will you give me?" asked the shrewd little fellow. "I will give you," said his brother, "a most beautiful staff with such magic power that anger, ill-will and bitterness, when touched by it, shall be changed to gentleness and love." This satisfied the boy, and then followed a wonderful lesson, — the sweetness and simplicity of a child transformed into music by the skilled fingers of a god.

Apollo took the lyre and has ever since been its master. The little Hermes received his promised staff, and after his brother's departure went out to find something on which he could try it. He found two angry snakes. He touched them with his staff, and instantly their anger was gone and they twined themselves lovingly about it, and there you may still see them pictured if you look in the dictionary for the word caduceus.

APOLLO MUSAGETES

About one hundred years after the days of Pheidias there lived in the city of Athens an artist by the name of Scopas. He made many excellent statues and built in the city of Halicarnassus a large and beautiful tomb for Artemisia, queen of Caria, in honor of her husband, Mausolus. This tomb was called a mausoleum.

One of the statues made by this artist was of Apollo as a musician. This statue has been lost

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but it is believed that a statue found in the villa of Cassius, in 1774, is a copy from the work of Scopas, and this is now carefully preserved in the Vatican in Rome.

The picture shows the god crowned with laurel, playing on a cithern and advancing rapidly, as we see by the position of his robes. He is enjoying the music of his instrument and we are sure that just behind him, but not yet in sight, are those sweet voiced singers, the Muses.



XXVII

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

APOLLO greatly loved one of the Muses by the name of Calliope, and to them was born a son whom they named Orpheus. His father gave him a lyre and taught him to play on it.

Orpheus became a poet also and wrote the songs he sang, accompanied with his lyre. The hardest hearts were moved when they heard his songs mingled with the tones of his lyre. Birds came to listen; wild beasts forgot their fierceness; trees threw themselves to the ground so that they might approach nearer to the music, and even stones were softened by the sounds.

Orpheus married Eurydice, a nymph, but a bride as noble, sweet and beautiful as such a bridegroom deserved. Soon after their marriage, Eurydice was frightened by what she thought were the evil and rude approaches of Aristæus, and as she ran from him she was bitten by a snake concealed in the grass and died from the effects of the bite.

With song and lyre Orpheus chanted the sad story of his grief to both men and gods, but it availed not to bring his wife from the regions of

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the dead. Then, armed only with his lyre, he descended to the realm of Hades. Charon and the three-headed dog Cerberus could not resist the persuasive power of his music. He entered the palace of Hades. While he sang and played, the tortures of Tartarus ceased and all pain and agony stopped. Tears of sympathy were on the cheeks of even Hades himself, and Eurydice was given permission to return with her husband on condition that they should not speak, and that Orpheus should go before her and not look back until they were out of the Kingdom of the Dead. But, just before they reached the Upper World, Orpheus became so uncertain as to whether Eurydice were really following him that he turned to look. It was his last sight of Eurydice. She was forced to return to Hades, and Orpheus to the earth.

He tried again to enter the Kingdom of the Dead, but Charon refused him passage. After waiting for days at the brink of the world of light he came hopelessly away. Many tried in vain to console him. At last the Thracian maidens became so angry because he paid no heed to them that they threw spears and stones at him. When these weapons came within sound of his lyre they turned from their course and fell harmless at his feet. Finally, some ugly old hags joined the maidens in the attack and set up such an outcry that the music of the lyre was drowned, and a missile struck and killed him.



ORPHEUS, EURYDICE, AND HERMES

ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

The Muses tenderly took his body and buried it in a grove where the nightingale sings his softest and sweetest notes. His shade went to Hades' kingdom and found Eurydice, where, undisturbed, they wander happily together, without fear of punishment for an anxious, loving glance.

A MARBLE PICTURE OF ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE

Some Athenian sculptor, whose name we do not know, many years ago carved one of the scenes of this story on a marble slab and made it worth its weight in gold. Eurydice stands with one hand placed caressingly on her husband's shoulder while his hand is placed gently on hers as they look into each other's faces, trying to gain the courage to say that last good-bye. Hermes, without wings on cap or heel now, stands and waits in sympathy until, at last, he is obliged to take the hand of Eurydice to remind her that it is his duty to lead her back to the Kingdom of the Dead.

This marble slab may be seen in the National Museum at Naples, Italy.

XXVIII

NIOBE

So many years ago that no one pretends to remember, there was a mortal son of Zeus, called Tantalus, who lived in Lydia, Asia Minor, and was very highly favored by the gods. He sat with them at their table and feasted on nectar and ambrosia, and thereby became immortal.

But this mortal was much like other mortals we have known. Such favors from the great only betrayed the shallowness of his nature and made him unbearably vain. He thought himself quite as powerful and even wiser than some of the gods, and he said so to them plainly.

Zeus at last decided that this insolence should no longer be endured, and he hurled Tantalus down to Tartarus, where he would be humbled and punished. There he still stands in water up to his lips, but when he stoops to drink it sinks and escapes him, leaving him as thirsty as ever. Ripe, luscious fruit hangs just over his head, but when he puts up his hand to pluck it, he can touch it only with his finger tips, no matter how high he reaches, and his hunger is unsatisfied, — a position very *tantalizing* indeed.

NIOBE

This presuming man had a daughter named Niobe, who was beautiful and very pleasant in many ways, but it was found that she had inherited some of her father's faults.

Among the favorites of Zeus was Antiope, daughter of the king of Thebes. They had a son named Amphion. While Amphion was but a little child a cruel uncle of his mother had him secretly taken up into the mountains and placed in the home of a shepherd. There he grew up supposing the shepherd to be his father. But Amphion was cared for by Hermes, who taught him many things, but especially to play sweetly on the lyre. After a time Amphion learned who his parents were, and returned to Thebes, becoming king. He set about making the city beautiful by building a palace, and rendering it safe by erecting a wall about it. It was not necessary to have workmen build up the walls, as Amphion played such wondrous music on his lyre that the stones placed themselves until the work was completed.

Niobe married this musical king of Thebes, and in time there were born to them seven stalwart sons and seven beautiful daughters, a family that might make any father and mother justly proud, but not necessarily foolish. But Niobe seemed to lack wisdom in some things, and this was shown in her habit of boasting of the great deeds of her sons and the beauty of her daughters,

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although other people thought them nothing remarkable. Some even said the sons were lazy and that the daughters spent most of their time lounging on couches in the court and making poor music on the lyre.

But such people as Niobe learn nothing except from the severest schoolmasters. Her vanity increased day by day. She never thought of the presuming Arachne, nor had she learned discretion from the fate of her father. While a festival in honor of Leto, the mother of those wonderful twins, Artemis and Apollo, was in progress, Niobe looked very sullen and said, "Why should Leto receive such honors? She is the mother of but two children, while I have fourteen, and they are just as beautiful as hers! Why should not Thebes erect an altar to me, their queen?" Thus did she show her folly and her lack of respect for the gods.

Leto was both angry and grieved and made a complaint to Zeus, who said, "Such prating folly and irreverence must be checked. It cannot injure the gods, but it will degrade men. This woman shall learn something." The sky became black with the frown of the god, and terribly flew the zigzag lightning. Niobe tried to protect her children from the deadly darts, but in vain. They all perished. Even the kindly Apollo felt that only justice had been done. Niobe's repentance and weeping came too late. It is said that Zeus changed



NIobe AND HER YOUNGEST DAUGHTER

NIOBE

her into stone, but that her tears continued to flow and became a fountain. We can often see the sculptor's work in the form of this very human but foolish mother.

SORROWING NIOBE AND HER YOUNGEST DAUGHTER PICTURED IN MARBLE

If Niobe, the proud queen of Thebes, had stopped by simply being proud of her seven sons and seven daughters, little trouble would have come of it; but she did not, and we have seen what the consequences were. Too late the foolish and wicked mother saw her own wrong-doing and tried to protect her children from the punishment justly due to her own wickedness. Her sons were dead and all her daughters also except the youngest, who sought protection at the hands of her mother.

In the picture we see only these two. The mother is looking up into the heavens where she sees the face of the angry god, while her heart utters a hopeless prayer for her children.

The original statue pictured here was one of a large group, probably made by a Greek sculptor, either Scopas or Praxiteles, for a temple of Apollo in Asia Minor, and later, copied by a Roman sculptor. That copy is now in the Uffizi gallery at Florence, where may be seen some of the oldest examples of Greek sculpture.

XXIX

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

THE family of nymphs was very large. Some were water-nymphs and some were wood-nymphs, but all were gay and jolly, most of them very pretty, and they chatted in a bright and interesting way. Even Zeus loved to rest himself listening to their prattle and watching them in their beautiful dances. Queen Hera never seemed to have quite understood her husband, and she did some very foolish things. We fear that jealousy sometimes had much to do with her conduct.

One of the nymphs that constantly attended Artemis was Echo. She was very active and loved the woods and the chase, but loved the rivers also and often rested in the shade on their banks. She was thus resting one day when the haughty Hera accompanied by her peacock was about to cross the stream. Echo knew that the queen was in search of Zeus, and that he was not far away in the company of some merry nymphs. She knew, too, that it would be quite as well for all concerned that Hera should not reach her destination too quickly. Hence

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Echo began talking about the water and the flowers and the beauty of the peacock's tail, and thus detained her.

When Hera reached the nymphs, Zeus was not there, but Hera felt sure that he had been there very recently. So, when she passed Echo on her return, Hera was not in good humor and understood why she had been detained before. "You chatterbox, you are ever using your tongue when it were far better that it rest. Hereafter you shall say only the last words that you hear. Out of my sight!" Poor, frightened Echo waited no second telling.

It must be confessed that Echo had been quite willing to do most of the talking and had not done very serious thinking, but in both these respects she has a deal of company, and Hera's punishment was very severe indeed.

In this same forest there frequently wandered a beautiful youth, Narcissus, whose mother was also a nymph, and it was quite natural that he would be friendly with Echo and her companions. But he was not, and thought them quite beneath his notice. He greatly admired one person, and spent much time in looking at the reflection he saw when he gazed into little pools and still waters. It was his own vanity, and not any fault that he saw in Echo and the other nymphs, that made him refuse to stop to chat with them when he met them in the forest.

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This did not prevent Echo from greatly loving Narcissus and following him. He saw her once after her punishment by Hera and haughtily said, "What do I care if you do love me?" "Do love me," was all the sad voice of Echo could reply. "Can you not see?" said the youth. "Not see," replied the nymph. "You must be very stupid," said he. "Very stupid," said she. "I wish you would leave me forever," he said again. The only reply was, "Leave me forever." He turned from her, and poor Echo pined away until she was a mere shadow.

Not all the nymphs were so gentle with him. Some told him he was but a bundle of silly pride that wore good clothes. Others asked him if he thought what he saw reflected in the smooth water was a picture of Apollo. One nymph was angry, and asked the gods to punish the haughty youth.

We may believe it was the gods who did it or that it was the result of his own folly, but punished he was, for he could find no one he thought good enough to be his companion, and for very loneliness, he pined away and died.

One sympathetic nymph cried, "Surely he is not dead," and Echo, now only a voice, repeated, "Not dead." In that hope, perhaps, she still is seeking for her love. When the shade of Narcissus reached the rivers Acheron and Styx he had the fee for old Charon, probably furnished him by his mother; but,

ECHO AND NARCISSUS

as he crossed these waters, he still gazed at the picture he saw over the side of the boat.

The nymphs made a funeral pyre for the body of Narcissus and gathered his ashes and put them into a sacred urn. The next day, when they passed where his ashes had been they saw a new plant. They watched it until it blossomed. When they saw the color of the flower they thought it must be for Narcissus, and so gave it that name.



XXX

MIDAS

IN Asia Minor was the country of Phrygia. In early times, when kings were selected in a rather strange way, there came into the chief city of that country a laborer named Gordius in a queer old cart drawn by a pair of oxen. The people liked the stranger, and after a time chose him king. As he no longer needed the cart, he gave it to the god who had so favored him. Gordius took it to a place near the temple where he tied it very securely, thinking, perhaps, that it would be as well to make it impossible for some one else to ride in it to such good fortune as had fallen to him. He feared that such a one would overthrow him.

Many people had tried to untie this knot and failed. Finally it was foretold by an oracle that whoever should succeed would become "Lord of Asia." When Alexander the Great came through Gordium he heard of this curious puzzle. After trying for some time to untie the knot, he simply cut it with his sword. As he really did become ruler of most of Asia, many people thought he took the simplest way of untying the "Gordian Knot."

MIDAS

We learn very little more about Gordius except that he had a son, Midas, who became king after his father. Now this son seems to have had very little of his father's good luck, unless it be that he was his father's son and thereby became a king.

There was a very ancient god, Pan, who was worshipped by some of the earlier, ruder people. He lived in caves and wandered through the woods and groves at night in the light of the moon. He danced with the nymphs to music of his own making. He had queer, shaggy, goat-like legs that ended in hoofs instead of feet, but the nymphs had become used to his strange appearance and did not mind it. Perhaps the old fellow was really a very good dancer and did not tread on the robes or the toes of the nymphs, neither did they care for the horns that grew from his forehead. His music was made by blowing upon reeds which were called pipes. This instrument was a very rude affair, but some of the people of Pan's day thought it quite musical; but many were so much frightened either by his strange appearance or the noise of his pipes, or by both, that they ran wildly away. So, when people of today are very much frightened, we say they are in a *pan-ic*.

Midas said that he had heard both Apollo and Orpheus, yet he frequently boasted of the fine quality of Pan's music. This certainly showed a great lack of musical cultivation or of common sense.

GREEK MYTHS AND THEIR ART

At last, with Midas as judge, a contest was arranged between Pan and Apollo, with the assent of the latter, who thought it an excellent joke. As was expected, Midas gave his decision in favor of Pan. Soon after, the wife of Midas made a startling discovery. Her husband's ears were long and hairy like those of a donkey. Of course, she would not wish it to be known, but she so longed to tell some one that she whispered it to the reeds that grew down by the river, and they whispered it to the winds who have always been great gossips, and thus it was soon noised abroad. Most people said it was the foolish decision in the musical contest that caused the ears to grow, but a few discerning ones surmised that his ears had always been like that, and that the fact had just been discovered.



XXXI

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

SILENUS was a queer old fellow who did some silly things, as well as many that were wise. By some people he was called a river god, while others thought him but a foolish man. Between these two opinions, one does not need to decide, but the fact is that he was a kindly and wise old man who had become a victim to the bad habit of drinking too much wine.

This old fellow was the teacher of Bacchus, the wine god, which may explain some things not before clear about this god. One day Silenus, after indulging heavily in his favorite beverage, appeared at the palace of King Midas with bunches of grapes wreathed about his bald head. The King knew him, and was kind enough to care for him. In fact, he showed great hospitality, and for ten days there were lively times at the palace. Midas then took Silenus home, both being greatly pleased, if not greatly improved.

In the meantime, Bacchus had been seeking everywhere for his friend and one-time teacher, and when Silenus returned he was greatly pleased with

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the conduct of King Midas and told him so, saying, "Make known your dearest wish, King Midas, and it shall be granted."

Midas was a very rich man, and in one of the strongest rooms of his palace he had a great iron box filled with gold coins, gold dust and gold bars. He loved to go there all alone and handle the coins, lift the bars, and sift the gold dust between his fingers. His answer to Bacchus, then, will not be surprising. "I have been told, O Bacchus," he said, "that there is a power that will turn into gold everything one touches. Give me but the golden touch and I shall be content." Bacchus had heard strange things in his time, but this surprised even him. "Are you quite sure that this will satisfy you?" he said. Midas, thrilled with the hope that his wish might be granted, eagerly made answer. "I am sure of it, good Bacchus," he said. Immediately his clothes became a glittering mass of yellow gold, the chair he touched, the fruit he gathered, the flowers he plucked, the great column he leaned against, all were changed to gold. His joy knew no bounds. He ordered the most splendid banquet that could be prepared.

When he seated himself on his couch in the banquet room it became hard, yellow gold. The food looked good. He put it to his mouth. It, too, was changed to gold. He was thirsty. His servant passed him the choicest wine. He placed it to his

THE GOLDEN TOUCH

lips only to find it liquid gold. Others ate and drank but he could only starve or die of thirst. Now he understood the last inquiry of Bacchus. He himself was powerless to change his fate. Could a god undo what once was done? With arms raised above his long hair that had turned to threads of gold, he called on Bacchus, "Oh take from me this hated gift, and let me be the man I was before I prayed for the Golden Touch." The god gave heed, and turned merciful eyes toward the miserable king. 'Go to the spring that is the source of the Pactolus River and take a pitcher with you. Bathe yourself in that spring and it will wash away that power you so lately craved but so soon learned to hate. Bring water from the spring with you and sprinkle all that you have touched and everything will be as it was wont to be. Omit even one small thing and you shall meet an awful fate.'" The King must have been very careful to obey, for to this day gold is mingled with the sands of that river. Whether this experience gave King Midas wisdom we know not, nor whether his ears became shorter and less hairy we have never learned, but let us hope that he lived to know that there were other things more valuable than gold and other music sweeter than that made by the hairy old god, Pan.

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